THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR AUGUST, 1803.

CONTAINING

The Chace, a finished Engraving by Mr. Scott, from the Design of the Younger Sartorius····*Page* 231
Trial of John Hatfield·········· 231
Copy of a Letter from Mr. Hatfield, under the name of Col. Hope, to the Rev. Mr. Nicholson······· 233
Another Letter, from the same, to the same··················· 234
Boxing····················· 235
Love Laughs at Locksmiths, a new Comic Opera, in two Acts····· 236
Horsemanship, as connected with the Order and Progress of Chivalry. 237
Amusements of the Spanish Theatre. 242
The Decline of Diversions in Wales 243
Sparrows, impolicy in destroying, particularly in a Corn Country 244
An Old Irish Hunter·········· 244
A Corps of Amazons, humourous Proposals for raising·········· 245
Huntworthy-Court-Lodge, a Ramble to······················· 247
Sporting with Old Saws········· 252
Female Chaise-Driving in England, Origin of················· 254
Joe Miller. A Pilgrimage to the Tomb of that Old Sportsman···· 254
Eccentric Thoughts on Musical Disorders····················· 256
Curious Stratagem·············· 257
Dutch Divertisements and Festivities 258
Sagacity in a Dog, another instance of························ 259
Law—Accident from the overturning of a Mail Coach········ 260
Action for Shooting a Dog—Atkinson *v.* Kent············ 262
Right of Free Warren of the Manor of Benhall············ 263
Separation of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, —Moore *v.* Moore.·········· 264
Action to recover two Greyhounds —Gardner *v.* Hanson········ 265
Action for an Assault—The King *v.* Nottingham.············ 265
Naval Court-Martial at Jamaica· 266
A Gentleman defined·········· 267
Hunting the Porcupine, an Etching from an old German Master, Hondious··················· 268
Eagles taken in Ireland·········· 270
Feast of Wit··················· 271
Sporting Intelligence··········· 273

POETRY.

Extract from an Ode to Scandal, by the Right Hon. G. Tierney···· 277
Familiar Epistle··············· 278
The Fisherman of Lapland······· 279
Racing Calendar················ 29

Embellished with, I. The Chace, a finished Engraving, by Mr. Scott, from the Design of the Younger Sartorius.—II. Hunting the Porcupine, an Engraving from an Old German Master, Hondious.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The request of S. B——ll at Birmingham, shall be complied with.

A variety of Communications have been received, all of which shall be duly attended to in our next.

The Chace.

[illegible] Warwick Square.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR AUGUST, 1803.

THE CHACE.

A finished Engraving by Mr. Scott, from the Design of the Younger Sartorious.

THIS being one of the New Set of Plates already mentioned, we shall not trouble our readers with any repetitions on the subject.

TRIAL OF JOHN HATFIELD.

IN our Magazine for November last, we gave some account of this man; since which, and after being removed to Carlisle goal, he was on Monday the 15th instant, put on his trial at the Carlisle assizes, before Sir Alexander Thompson, Knt. one of the Barons of the Exchequer.—Three several indictments were preferred against him, charging him in effect with assuming the name and title of the Hon. Alex. Aug. Hope, and with having, under that name and character, drawn a draft on John Crump, Esq. for the sum of twenty pounds; 2dly, with having uttered the same, knowing it to be forged; and 3dly, with having forged franks in the same name, to defraud the revenue of the postage.——The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty.

The indictments having been read, Mr. Scarlet opened the case, and recapitulated the various enormous crimes of the prisoner, with the circumstance of his complete detection at Keswick, by the arrival of Mr. Hardinge, and his absconding in consequence; but these facts have been so often stated, that it would be tedious to repeat them.

He then called witnesses to the facts, the principal of whom was the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, who deposed, that he became acquainted with the prisoner on Sunday Sept. 2, 1802, at the chapel of Loweswater, where he is chaplain.—Soon after he understood him to be the Hon. Col. Hope, brother to Lord Hopetoun.—When asked his name by deponent, he said it was a comfortable one—Hope.—He said at the same time, that he was no way averse to telling his name, but did not like it to be inquired after by inquisitive

inquisitive people. About a week previous to the 2d day of October, the deponent accompanied the prisoner to Whitehaven, to procure a licence for his marriage to Mary Robinson of Buttermere, who was spoken of by the prisoner as a lovely girl.—Did not see any signs of intimacy previous to the marriage; the prisoner lived partly at Keswick, and partly at Buttermere; he had a handsome carriage, but no servant; after the marriage, the parties set off for Scotland, and stayed some time at Longtown, during which time the prisoner wrote several letters to deponent, all franked by the name "A. A. Hope." In some of these he appears aware of the construction that had been put upon his mode of life, and he tells the chaplain of Lowes-water that he would, on his return from Scotland, chastise all those who had circulated reports to his prejudice. On his return to Keswick, Mr. G. Hardinge, being then on a tour to the Lakes, desired to have an interview with the prisoner, asked him several questions about his family, &c. &c. of his adventures in Egypt, where he said he had been wounded; asked him why he signed his name A. A. Hope, when Colonel Hope's name was only Alexander? Prisoner did not seem disconcerted; but after the interview was over, Mr. Hardinge sent for a Magistrate, and desired to have the prisoner secured. Hatfield, when informed of this, said he had done nothing to offend the laws of his country—if he was conscious of guilt, "a hair would hold him." Mr. Hardinge then desired Mr. Wood, the innkeeper, to secure the prisoner's horses; when the prisoner complained to the deponent, saying, that they would not let him have his horses, he of course must go by a boat across the lake, and so over the mountains to Buttermere—Accompanied the prisoner to the water side.—Remembers the transaction taking place for which the prisoner stands charged—Saw him take a stamp out of his pocket, and draw a bill for £.30, on John Crump, for which he received cash from Mr. G. Wood, innkeeper in Keswick.—Deponent was the person who married the prisoner to Mary Robinson, commonly called Mary of Buttermere, on the 2d of October, 1802: after his marriage he was on terms of intimacy with the prisoner, who made him his confidential friend, and told him of various concerns that happened to his family; he met the prisoner on a certain day between Lowes-water and Buttermere, when the prisoner told the deponent he had been much hurt with a conversation that had happened with the curate of Buttermere, wherein the curate had made free with his name—came with him after that from Buttermere to Keswick—dined with the prisoner—was a witness to the conversation that passed between the prisoner and Mr. Hardinge. After this conversation, the prisoner thought proper to withdraw from the neighbourhood, under pretence of fishing upon the Lakes. The deponent accompanied the prisoner to the water side; and saw him no more till at Carlisle. He made his escape over the hills of Borrowdale.

Mr. Crump and other witnesses corroborated this testimony.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, he addressed himself to the Jury. He said he felt some degree of satisfaction in being able to have his sufferings terminated, as they of course must be by their verdict. For the space of nine months he had been dragged from prison to prison, and torn from place to place, subject to all the misrepresentations of calumny. "Whatever will be my fate," said he, "I am content;

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it is the award of justice, impartially and virtuously administered; but I will solemnly declare, that in all my transactions, I never intended to defraud or injure the persons whose names have appeared in the prosecution. This I will maintain to the last of my life."

After the evidence was gone through, his lordship, Sir A. Thompson, with a great deal of perspicuity and force, summed up the whole of the evidence, and commented upon such parts as peculiarly affected the fate of the prisoner. "Nothing," his lordship said, "could be more clearly proved, than that the prisoner did make the bill or bills in question, under the assumed name of Alex. Aug. Hope, with an intention to defraud. That the prisoner used the additional name of Augustus, was of no consequence in this question. The evidence proved clearly that the prisoner meant to represent himself to be another character; and under that assumed character, he drew the bills in question. If any thing should appear in mitigation of the offences with which the prisoner was charged, they must give them a full consideration; and though his character had been long shaded with obloquy, yet they must not let this in the least influence the verdict they were sworn to give."

The jury consulted about ten minutes, and then returned a verdict—*Guilty of Forgery*.

Upon the first and second indictments, he was ordered to be brought up next day, to receive judgment. He appeared perfectly calm and unmoved when the jury brought in their verdict, and left the court in a post-chaise, which conveyed him to the goal.

The trial lasted from eleven o'-clock in the forenoon, till seven o'clock in the evening, during the whole of which time the court was crowded to suffocation. Never, perhaps, did a cause come before a court and jury that excited so much interest. Ladies and gentlemen, within a distance of twenty miles round Carlisle, crowded to the town, to gratify the curiosity which the story of poor Mary of Buttermere, and other circumstances connected with the history of the prisoner, had excited. The pressure was so great, and the heat so intolerable, as to render it almost impossible to take a note of the proceedings, or even to remain in court during the whole of the trial.

The prisoner was dressed in black, and during the trial, employed himself with writing notes upon the evidence, and instructing his counsel.

As a proof of the talents, hypocrisy, and villany of this man, we subjoin two letters written by him to the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, who gave evidence on the trial. Mr. Nicholson appears to be one of Hatfield's most credulous friends.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Hatfield, under the name of Col. Hope, to the Rev. Mr. Nicholson.

"VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR,

"We arrived here on Saturday evening about eight, went to the church on Sunday, and Mr. Graham, the brother of Sir James, gave one of the finest lectures I ever heard. We attended his evening discourse, at the end of which he addressed me, begging I would not return to my quarters without a light, and his footman stood ready with one. All this flurried my dear Mary a little, but nothing can be more pleasing than the manner she at all times possesses. To-morrow evening we may perhaps proceed farther; but Mrs. Hope likes the

quietude

quietude of this place much, and her wishes are my laws In the church yard we found the following inscription, which I copied on purpose to send you, thinking it may amuse some of our friends; pray read it to Dr. Head, and present him my best respects:

" Our life is but a winter's day;
" Some only breakfast and away.
" Others, to dinner stay, and are full fed;
" The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
" Large is his debt, who lingers out the day;
" Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.

" Be pleased to say for us both, whatever you think will be acceptable to those, who, from kind motives, may inquire after us; and at Buttermere, Mary desires you will tender to father and mother the most affectionate duty, and the most lively assurances of our mutual happiness. I find happiness is not very loquacious, so this will be a short letter; let us have a long one as soon as possible, addressed for Col. Hope, M. P. post office, Longtown, Cumberland, and you will greatly oblige,

" Very dear and Rev. Sir,
" Your's most truly,
" A. Hope."

" Longtown, Oct. 4. 1802.

" Rev. Mr. Nicholson, Lowes-water near Cockermouth. Free. A. Hope."

Another Letter from the same to the same.—dated Sunday Night, Oct. 10. 1802.

" VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR,

" Anxious that my dear Mary might hear from her parents as soon as possible, we returned from Scotland to this town on Friday evening, and shall most probably proceed for Carlisle to morrow; indeed your letter received this afternoon makes me very desirous of returning to Buttermere, that I may properly answer all such persons as assume the privilege of censuring my conduct, and are mean enough to disturb the peace of our parents.

" We are, thank God! very well, and happy as our friends can wish us. The Colonel has given himself much unnecessary trouble, and I am sorry for it, because in this he will be sorry too. I wrote to him on Wednesday last, and this day find his hand-writing on the superscription of a letter, forwarded to me from Keswick. If I had ever expressed to him any affection for Miss D. except such as you have witnessed; if I had ever, ever dropped a word on the subject to him, he might have had some plea for complaint. But God knows, and he knows, I never did. He has my free liberty to write to all the world, if he finds any pleasure in such proceedings; but no person who really knows me, will believe that Miss D. has been deceived by me.

" I wish I could be certain whether this will reach you, but fearing it may not be at Cockermouth soon enough for you to get it by the market people on the morrow; it is not in my power to say where or when we can meet previous to my arrival at Buttermere, which will very probably be before the middle of this week.

" Be pleased to present my best respects to Mrs. and Miss Wood. I will remember with permanent gratitude their goodness on this occasion, and amidst the strange vicissitudes of this very eventful life, perhaps I may be blessed with some opportunities of shewing how truly sensible I am of every kindness due to me on this occasion.

" With the truest respect, esteem, and gratitude to all my well-wishers, I am, very dear and Rev. Sir,
" Your's ever " A. Hope.

" Love

"Love and duty attend those to whom they are due; and I beg you will tell them not to make any preparations for our return, for I shall have to move about almost as soon as I arrive, and my Mary will love quietness."

BOXING.

BRISTOL has, for several years past, produced more pugilistic heroes than all the rest of the kingdom. Belcher, the greatest pugilist of the present day, was from that city, but has, since his accident from the tennis ball, and in compliance with the wishes of his friends, resolved to engage in no more prize-battles. Several of the principal amateurs, to prevent the necessity of his doing so, about a fortnight ago made a liberal subscription, and placed him in a public house in Wardour-street, where the Bristol hero constantly has an *eye* to business. Bourke, now considering himself the best man of the day, laid claim to the title of champion of England, and was looking forward to the long enjoyment of the situation which he had struggled so hard to obtain, when a youth from Bristol arrived in London, known by the name of the *Game Chicken*, who crowed defiance to all the *fighting cocks* in the kingdom. Bourke being bound down by the law not to engage in a pitched battle, remained silent, till a proper opportunity offered, which happened on Thursday the 11th instant, being a grand *field-day* for a certain set of sportsmen called bull-baiters; a large assemblage of whom met in the afternoon, in the neighbourhood of Shooter's-Hill, where a well-drilled bull was fastened to a stake for their amusement. The animal played his part to the admiration of the delighted spectators, who were charmed with the scenes of blood that were produced in the desperate conflict between the bull and dogs. As the *Chicken* was a stranger in town, it was natural to suppose he would be immediately introduced to all their favourite scenes of diversion; and therefore could not fail to be present at the scene already described. On the road home, Bourke and the young Bristol-man eyed each other with minute attention. The *Chicken* did not measure above 5 feet 8¾ inches high, and weighed 11 stone and 11 lbs; and Bourke, being 6 feet high, weighed upwards of 13 stone. On their arrival in town, they met again in the evening, by which time stories had been carried backward and forward, respecting what each thought of the other, and a quarrel was the result. They therefore agreed to fight, but it was twelve o'clock at night before the noblemen and gentlemen,—for such were present, but we forbear mentioning their names—had all met. A private room was provided and lighted up with all possible brilliancy and dispatch. Some other necessary arrangements took place, and then the combatants set to. The first round was like the fourteen that followed; they consisted of straight forward hard fighting, without calling to aid either shifting or science. Bourke tried hard to stop and fall back from his adversary's blows, but they were directed so straight, quick, and hard, that they proved irresistible. On meeting face to face every round, the *Chicken* would not allow a moment for sparring, nor give an inch of ground, but rallied his opponent at every point, while Bourke manifested an inferiority through every round of the battle. He did not want spirit, but his deficiency appeared in the slow and round manner in which he directed his blows.

Bourke

Bourke was knocked down twice, apparently dead! such strong blows, the amateurs confessed, they never before saw given. When Bourke found he was not able to stand up against his desperate opponent, he tried to give him cross-buttocks, but in that he failed, and finding himself beat at all points, he gave in, after a contest of twenty minutes. The battle being ended, Bourke declared, that the beatings he had received on former occasions were *flea-bites* to the one he had then received; he was so distressed and bruised, that he could scarce utter the mortifying declaration. Very large bets were depending on the issue of the conflict.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

THIS new Comic Opera in two acts, was represented for the first time on Monday night, July 25, at the Little Theatre Haymarket. It is a translation from a popular French Drama, brought to this country by Mr. Kelly, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. Colman. The music in general was composed by Mr. Kelly, and the Overture by Mr. Condell, a gentleman well known in the musical world.

In consequence of several subsequent representations of this pleasing performance, which was hailed with the warmest plaudits on the first night, it now bids fair to be ranked among our favourite stock pieces, which will afford many a happy hour to the present and future generations.—It is as pretty and attractive a two-act Opera as we have for many years witnessed. Besides the powerful auxiliary of music, it has a very lively, and in many places a witty dialogue.

Among the novelties of this opera, the song about the ghost of Miss Bailey, is a very happy way of ridiculing the absurd notions of spectres and hobgoblins, frequently rendred terrific to children, by the foolish and culpable stories of nurses and old women. Early impressions are very strong, and sometimes very dangerous; and we have often seen very brave men, who would "court the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," tremble, and look aghast, on hearing the imaginary adventures of a ghost. We therefore recommend our youth of both sexes, to read and sing the vagaries of Miss Bailey.

SONG.—(RISK.)
Tune,—"[illegible]y *Croaker.*"

A Captain bold, in Halifax, that dwelt
in country quarters,
Seduc'd a maid, who hang'd herself, one
Monday, in her garters;
His wicked conscience smited him; he
lost his stomach daily;
He took to drinking ratifia, and thought
upon Miss Bailey.
Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate
Miss Bailey!

One night, betimes, he went to rest, for
he had caught a fever;
Says he, "I am a handsome man, but
I'm a gay deceiver."
His candle just at twelve o'clock, began
to burn quite palely;
A ghost stept up to his bed-side, and said,
"Behold Miss Bailey!"
Oh, Miss Bailey! &c

"Avaunt, Miss Bailey!" then he cried,
"Your face looks white and mealy."
"Dear Captain Smith," the Ghost replied,
"you've us'd me ungenteelly.
"The C'roner's quest goes hard with me,
because I've acted frailly;
"And Parson Biggs won't bury me,
though I am dead Miss Bailey."
Oh, Miss Bailey! &c.

"Dear Corpse," says he, "since you and I,
accounts must, once for all, close,
"I've got a one pound note, in my regimental small clothes;
"'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave—"
The Ghost then vanish'd gaily,
Crying, "Bless you wicked Captain
Smith! remember poor Miss Bailey!"
Oh, Miss Bailey! &c.

HORSEMANSHIP.

HORSEMANSHIP.

As connected with the Order and Progress of Chivalry.

(Continued from p. 188.)

AGAIN, the martial games celebrated in ancient Greece, on great and solemn occasions, had the same origin and the same purpose as the tournaments of the Gothic warriors; and the passions for adventures being so natural in their situation, would be as naturally attended with the love of praise and glory. Hence the same encouragement, in the old Greek and Gothic times, to panegyrists and poets, which made it of mighty consequence who should obtain the favour of a rich heiress. And though, in the strict feudal times, she was supposed to be in the power and at the disposal of her superior lord,* yet this rigid state of things did not last long. Hence we find some distressed damsel was the spring and mover of every knight's adventure. She was to be rescued by his arms, or won by the fame and admiration of his prowess. The plain meaning of all which was this: that as, in these turbulent times, a protector was necessary to the weakness of the sex, so the courteous and valorous knight was to approve himself fully qualified for that purpose.

It may be observed, that the two poems of Homer were intended to expose the mischiefs and inconveniences arising from the political state of Old Greece: the Iliad, the dissentions that naturally spring up among independent chiefs; and the Odyssey, the insolence of their greater subjects, more especially when unrestrained by the presence of their sovereign. And can any thing more exactly resemble the condition of the feudal times, when, on occasion of any great enterprise, as that of the crusades, the designs of the confederate Christian states were perpetually frustrated, or interrupted at least, by the dissentions of their leaders; and their affairs at home, as perpetually distressed and disordered by the rebellious usurpations of their greater vassals? Jerusalem was to the European knights, what Troy had been to the Grecian heroes; for chivalry never flourished so much as during the time of the crusades. From these holy wars it followed, that new fraternities of knighthood were invented; hence the knights of the Holy Sepulchre, the Hospitallers, Templars, and an infinite number of religious orders. Various other orders were at length instituted by sovereign princes: the Garter, by Edward III. of England; the Golden Fleece, by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy; and St Michael, by Louis XI. of France. From this time ancient chivalry declined to an empty name; when sovereign princes established regular companies in their armies, knights-bannerets were no more, though it was still thought an honour to be dubbed by a great prince or victorious hero; and all who professed arms without knighthood assumed the title of Esquire.

There is scarce a prince in Europe that has not thought fit to institute an order of knighthood; and the title of knight-service, which the kings of Britain conferred on private subjects, is a derivation from ancient chivalry, although very remote from its source.

The knights produced by this tenure, however, differed most essentially from the knights above described, though the difference seems not to have been accurately attended to by authors.

* The terms Knight and Chivaler, denoted

denoted both the knight of honour and knight of tenure; and chivalry was used to express both knighthood and knight-service. Hence it has proceeded, that these persons and these states have been confounded. Yet the marks of their difference are so strong and pointed, that one must wonder that writers should mistake them. It is not, however, mean and common compilers only who have been deceived. Sir Edward Coke, notwithstanding his distinguishing head, is of this number. When estimating the value of the knight's fee at L.20 per annum, he appeals to the statute De militibus, an. 1 Ed. II. and, by the sense of his illustration, he conceives, that the knights alluded to there were the same with the possessors of knight's fees: and they, no doubt, had knight's fees; but a knight's fee might be enjoyed not only by the tenants in capite of the crown, but by the tenants of a vassal, or by the tenants of a sub-vassal. Now, to these the statute makes no allusion. It did not mean to annex knighthood to every landholder in the kingdom who had a knight's fee; but to encourage arms, by requiring the tenants in capite of the crown to take to them the dignity. He thus confounds knighthood and knight's fee.—Coke upon Littleton, p. 69.

If I am not deceived, Sir William Blackstone has fallen into the same mistake, and has added to it. Speaking of the knights of honour, or the equites aurati, from the gilt spurs they wore, he thus expresses himself—"They are also called, in our law, milites, because they formed a part, or indeed the whole, of the royal army, in virtue of their feudal tenures; one condition of which was, that every one who held a knight's fee—which in Henry the II.'s time amounted to L.20 per annum—was obliged to be knighted, and attend the king in his wars, or fined for his non-compliance. The exertion of this prerogative, as an expedient to raise money, in the reign of Charles I. gave great offence, though warranted by law, and the recent example of Queen Elizabeth: but it was, at the restoration, together with all other military branches of the feudal law, abolished; and this kind of knighthood has since that time fallen into great disrepute."

After what has been said, I need hardly observe, that this learned and able writer has confounded the knight of honour and the knight of tenure; and that the requisition to take knighthood was not made to every possessor of a knight's fee, but to the tenants of knight's fees held in capite of the crown, who had merely a sufficiency to maintain the dignity, and were thence disposed not to take it. The idea that the whole force of the royal army consisted of knights of honour, or dubbed knights, is so extraordinary a circumstance, that it might have shewn of itself to this eminent writer the source of his error. Had every soldier in the feudal army received the investiture of arms? Could he wear a seal, surpass in silken dress, use ensigns-armorial, and enjoy all the other privileges of knighthood? But, while I hazard these remarks, my reader will observe, that it is with the greatest deference I dissent from Sir William Blackstone, whose abilities are the object of a most general and deserved admiration.

The one class of knights was of a high antiquity; the other was not heard of till the invention of a fee. The adorning with arms, and the blow of the sword, made the act of the creation of the ancient knight; the new knight was constituted by an investment in a piece of land. The former was the member of an order of dignity which had particular

lar privileges and distinctions; the latter was the receiver of a feudal grant. Knighthood was an honour; knight-service a tenure. The first communicated splendour to an army; the last gave it strength and numbers. The knight of honour might serve in any station whatever; the knight of tenure was in the rank of a soldier. It is true at the same time, that every noble and baron were knights of tenure, as they held their lands by knight-service. But the number of fees they possessed, and their creation into rank, separated them widely from the simple individuals to whom they gave out grants of their lands, and who were merely the knights of tenure. It is no less true, that the sovereign, without conferring nobility, might give even a single fee to a tenant; and such vassals in capite of the crown, as well as the vassals of single fees from a subject, were the mere knights of tenure. But the former, in respect of their holding from the crown, were to be called to take upon themselves the knighthood of honour; a condition in which they might rise from the ranks, and be promoted to offices and command. And as to the vassals in capite of the crown, who had many fees, their wealth of itself sufficiently distinguished them beyond the state of the mere knights of tenure. In fact, they possessed an authority over men who were of this last description; for, in proportion to their lands were the fees they gave out and the knights they commanded.

By the tenure of knight-service, the greatest part of the lands in England were holden, and that principally of the king in capite, till the middle of the last century; and which was created, as Sir Edward Coke expressly testifies, for a military purpose, viz. for defence of the realm by the king's own principal subjects, which was judged to be much better than to trust to hirelings or foreigners. The description here given is that of knight-service proper, which was to attend the king in his wars. There were also some other species of knight-service; so called, though improperly, because the service or render was of a free and honourable nature, and equally uncertain as to the time of rendering as that of knight-service proper, and because they were attended with similar fruits and consequences. Such was the tenure by grand serjeanty, per magnum servitium, whereby the tenant was bound, instead of serving the king generally in his wars, to do some special honorary service to the king in person; as to carry his banner, his sword, or the like; or be his butler, champion, or other officer, at his coronation. It was, in most other respects, like knight-service, only he was not bound to pay aid or escuage; and when tenant by knight-service paid five pounds for a relief on every knight's fee, tenant by grand-serjeanty paid one year's value of his land, were it much or little. Tenure by cornage, which was to wind a horn when the Scots or other enemies entered the land, in order to warn the king's subjects, was, like other services of the same nature, a species of grand-serjeanty.

These services, both of chivalry and grand-searjenty, were all personal, and uncertain as to their quantity or duration. But the personal attendance in knight-service growing troublesome and inconvenient in many respects, the tenants found means of compounding for it, by first sending others in their stead, and in process of time making a pecuniary satisfaction to the lords in lieu of it. This pecuniary satisfaction at last came to be levied by assessments, at so much for every

knight's fee; and therefore this kind of tenure was called scutagium in Latin, or servitium scuti; scutum being then a well-known denomination of money: and in like manner it is called, in our Norman French, escuage; being indeed a pecuniary instead of a military service. The first time this appears to have been taken, was in the 5 Hen. II. on account of his expedition to Toulouse; but it soon came to be so universal, that personal attendance fell quite into disuse. Hence we find in our ancient histories, that, from this period, when our kings went to war, they levied scutages on their tenants, that is, on all the landholders of the kingdom, to defray their expences and to hire troops: and these assessments in the time of Henry II. seem to have been made quite arbitrarily, and at the king's pleasure. Which prerogative being greatly abused by his successors, it became matter of national clamour; and King John was obliged to consent, by his magna charta, that no scutage should be imposed without consent of parliament. But this clause was omitted in his son Henry III.'s charter; where we only find, that scutages or escuage should be taken as they were used to be taken in the time of Henry II. that is, in a reasonable and moderate manner. Yet afterwards, by statute 25 Edw. I. c. 5 & 6, and many subsequent statutes, it was enacted, that the king should take no aids or tasks but by the common assent of the realm. Hence it is held in our old books, that escuage or scutage could not be levied but by consent of parliament; such scutages being indeed the groundwork of all succeeding subsidies, and the land-tax of later times.

Since, therefore, escuage differed from knight-service in nothing but as a compensation differs from actual service, knight-service is so frequently confounded with it. And thus Littleton must be understood, when he tells us, that tenant by homage, fealty, and escuage, was tenant by knight-service; that is, that this tenure, being subservient to the military policy of the nation, was respected as a tenure in chivalry. But as the actual service was uncertain, and depended upon emergencies, so it was necessary that this pecuniary compensation should be equally uncertain, and depend on the assessments of the legislature suited to those emergencies. For had the escuage been a settled invariable sum, payable at certain times, it had been neither more nor less than a mere pecuniary rent; and the tenure, instead of knight-service, would have then been of another kind, called Soccage.

By the degenerating of knight-service, or personal military duty, into escuage or pecuniary assessments, all the advantages, either promised or real, of the feudal constitutions, were destroyed, and nothing but the hardships remained. Instead of forming a national militia composed of barons, knights, and gentlemen, bound by their interest, their honour, and their oaths, to defend their king and country, the whole of this system of tenures now tended to nothing else but a wretched means of raising money to pay an army of occasional mercenaries.

In the mean time, the families of all our nobility and gentry groaned under the intolerable burdens which, in consequence of the fiction adopted after the conquest, were introduced and laid upon them by the subtlety and finesse of the Norman lawyers. For, besides the scutages to which they were liable in defect of personal attendance, which, however, were assessed by themselves in parliament, they might be called upon by the king or lord paramount

paramount for aids, whenever his eldest son was to be knighted, or his eldest daughter married; not to forget the ransom of his own person. The heir, on the death of his ancestor, if of full age, was plundered of the first emoluments arising from his inheritance, by way of relief and primer seisin; and if under age, of the whole of his estate during infancy. And then, as Sir Thomas Smith very feelingly complains, "when he came to his own, after he was out of wardship, his woods decayed, houses fallen down, stock wasted and gone, lands let forth and ploughed to be barren," to make amends, he was yet to pay half a year's profits as a fine for suing out his livery; and also the price or value of his marriage, if he refused such wife as his lord and guardian had bartered for and imposed upon him; or twice that value, if he married another woman. Add to this, the untimely and expensive honour of knighthood, to make his poverty more completely splendid. And when, by these deductions, his fortune was so shattered and ruined, that perhaps he was obliged to sell his patrimony, he had not even that poor privilege allowed him, without paying an exorbitant fine for a licence of alienation.

A slavery so complicated and so extensive as this, called aloud for a remedy in a nation that boasted of her freedom. Palliatives were from time to time applied by successive acts of parliament, which assuaged some temporary grievances. Till at length the humanity of King James I. consented, for a proper equivalent, to abolish them all, though the plan then proceeded not to effect; in like manner as he had formed a scheme, and began to put it in execution, for removing the feudal grievance of heritable jurisdictions in Scotland, which has since been pursued and effected by the statute 20 Geo. II. c. 43. King James's plan for exchanging our military tenures seems to have been nearly the same as that which has been since pursued; only with this difference, that by way of compensation for the loss which the crown and other lords would sustain, an annual fee-farm rent should be settled and inseparably annexed to the crown, and assured to the inferior lords, payable out of every knight's fee within their respective seignories. An expedient, seemingly much better than the hereditary excise which was afterwards made the principal equivalent for these concessions. For at length the military tenures, with all their heavy appendages, were destroyed at one blow, by the statute 12 Car. II. c. 24. which enacts, "that the court of ward or liveries, and all wardships, liveries, primer seisins, and ousterlemains, values and forfeitures of marriages, by reason of any tenure of the king or others, be totally taken away. And that all fines for alienations, tenures by homage, knight's-service and escuage, and also aids for marrying the daughter or knighting the son, and all tenures of the king in capite, be likewise taken away. And that all sorts of tenures, held of the king or others, be turned into free and common soccage; save only tenures in frankalmoign, copyholds, and the honorary services, without the slavish part, of grand-serjeanty." A statute which was a greater acquisition to the civil property of this kingdom, than even magna charta itself; since that only pruned the luxuriances that had grown out of the military tenures, and thereby preserved them in vigour: but the statute of King Charles extirpated the whole, and demolished both the root and the branches.

AMUSEMENTS

AMUSEMENTS OF THE SPANISH THEATRE.

THE following is extracted from the Letters of Robert Southey, Esq.—But though the stage at Corunna, is that upon which the writer has employed his pen, it will be seen that the theatre at Madrid, differs but little from those of the provinces. In fact, we have been told that the posting bills in the capital, have announced certain pieces, probably in Lent, as being performed "By the Permission of the Holy Virgin Mary."

"I am just returned from the Spanish comedy. The theatre is painted with a muddy light blue, and a dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. The boxes are engaged by the season; and subscribers only, with their friends, admitted to them, paying a *pesetta*—about 10½—each. In the pit are the men, each seated as in a great armed chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women; for the sexes are separated, and so strictly, that an officer was broke at Madrid, for intruding into the female places. The boxes, of course, hold family parties. The centre box, over the entrance of the pit, is appointed for the magistrates, covered in the front with red stuff, and surmounted with the royal arms. The motto is a curious one: "*Silencio y no fumar.*" "Silence, and no smoaking."

"The comedy, of course, was very dull to one who could not understand it. I was told that it contained some wit, and more obscenity; but the only comprehensible joke to me was, "Ah!" said in a loud voice by one man, and "Oh!" replied equally loud by another, to the great amusement of the audience. To this succeeded a comic opera; the characters were represented by the most ill-looking men and women I ever saw. One of the men's dress was a thread-bare brown coat, lined with silk that had once been white, and dirty corduroy waistcoat and breeches; his beard was black, and his neckcloth and shoes dirty; but his face! *Jack Ketch* might sell the reversion of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was also one of the characters, in a pair of old black velveret breeches, with a pair of gaiters reaching above the knee, that appeared to have been made out of some blacksmith's old leather apron.

"A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and we agreed that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty. The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half way above it, before a little tin skreen, not unlike a man in a cheese-toaster. He read the whole play with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him.

"Another prompter made his appearance to the opera, unshaved, and dirty beyond description: they both used as much action as the actors.

"The scene that falls between the acts, would disgrace a puppet-shew at an English fair. On one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box: on the other, Parnassus, with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such is the proportion

portion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over a large ant-hill, and think he would destroy the whole economy of the state by kicking it to pieces. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids.

"I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes; a child was suffered to play on the stage, and amuse himself by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward, so as to endanger setting it on fire. Five chandeliers were lighted, by only twenty candles. To represent night, they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing is, their mode of drawing up the curtain. A man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down; the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that of the curtain breaking his fall.

"I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoise-shell comb, to part it, the back of which is concave, and so large as to resemble the front of a small bonnet. This would not have been inelegant, if their hair had been clean, and without powder, or even appeared decent with it."

* * * * *

"At the theatre in Madrid, there is a stationary table fixed, where the door is on the English stage, and what is a stranger peculiarity, no money is paid on going in, but a man comes round and collects it between the acts. Between every act is a kind of operatical farce, a piece of low and gross buffoonery, which constantly gives the lie to their motto—"Representing a variety of actions we recommend virtue to the people." It is a large and inelegant theatre, presenting to the eye only a mass of tarnished gilding. So badly was it lighted, that to see the company was impossible. One of the actresses, whose hair was long and curling, wore it combed naturally, without any kind of bandage, and I have seldom seen any head-dress so becoming. The representation began at half past four, and was over at eight. I have heard a curious specimen of wit from a Spanish comedy—During the absense of a physician, his servants prescribe; a patient has been eating too much *hare*, and they order him to take *greyhound broth*."

THE DECLINE
OF
DIVERSIONS IN WALES.

MR. JONES, bard to the Prince of Wales, in his second volume of "The Musical, Poetical, and Historical Relics of the Welsh Bards and Druids," lately published in folio, speaking of the rapid decrease of performers on the harp in Wales, with the consequent decline of that elegant and expressive instrument, as well as of the national music and poetry, furnishes us with a piece of information which is not less well-founded than curious—"The sudden decline of the national minstrelsy, and customs of Wales," says he, "is in a great degree to be attributed to the fanatic impostors, or illiterate plebeian preachers, who have over-run the country, misleading the greater part of the common people from their lawful church, and dissuading them from their innocent amusements, such as singing, dancing, and other rural sports and games, which heretofore they had been accustomed to delight in, from the earliest time. In the

the course of my excursion through the principality," says Mr. Jones, "I have met with several harpers and songsters, who actually had been prevailed upon by those erratic strollers to relinquish their profession, from the idea that it was sinful. The consequence is, Wales, which was formerly one of the merriest and happiest countries in the world, is now become one of the dullest."

Being of opinion that religion has no necessary alliance with gloominess, and being a friend to innocent and refined pleasures, I cannot help regretting that they are extinct among our honest sequestered fellow-subjects; and that those rude teachers, who are so much in vogue in the principality, have declared implacable war against these harmless pastimes, which were so creditable to the taste of the simple inhabitants.

IMPOLICY OF DESTROYING SPARROWS,

Particularly in a Corn Country.

EVERY created being is a link in the grand chain that binds universal nature; and to remove one of these from the immense variety, is to destroy another, and perhaps derange the whole. In the feathered creation this position is hourly obvious, from the tiney wren of the brambled cover, to the mighty condor of the American mountains. Thus we are all dependant beings, one on the other: and to remove the land-marks of the first Great Cause, is to correct him who gave us the powers of reason; a crime that springs from presumption or from folly.

In a corn country belonging to Prussia, a few years ago, the farmers, one and all, came to a resolution, to exterminate the race of sparrows, as beings most inimical to agriculture. To effect this with speed, every peasant was subjected to an annual capitation tax, of twelve heads of that kind of bird. At the end of the second, or at farthest the third year, it was discovered by these wise men, that insects had devoured their crops. The loss or deprivation of their good friends the sparrows, was found to be the cause; and these Gothamites were now as solicitous in re-peopling their kingdom with sparrows, as they were before in their extermination.

The sparrows, it is true, eat some grains of corn, because the grain comes at the time the insects fail them; but, let the farmer remember, that when he submits to this, he does but pay the labourer for his toil; for the sparrow has devoured the weevil that assailed his stock, and but for whom his whole granary had been polluted. However, we should not attempt to destroy the whole mass of the insect world; for on these the sparrow depends for food to rear the nest, and a thousand other song birds, whose plumage delight in our rural walks, and whose songs are renovating to the spirits of the children of industry.

Thus must it appear, how dependant one creature is upon the existence of another, and the impolicy of destroying those things the wise Author of all intended for our particular benefit.

AN OLD IRISH HUNTER

IS particularly described among the engraved figures in the German Abraham Bruyns *Diversarium gentium Armaturis Equestris*, in 1575. The representation alluded to, is a portrait

portrait of a Wild Irish Hunter—"*Ein wilde Ihrlandish Rheyter*," who sits on a horse without any sort of caparison going full speed; his right hand has hold of the horse's left ear; and, in his left hand he holds a small bow, like that in use among the Parthians. He has a close jacket, and over it a large cloak, fastened at the breast; a sword suspended at his left side, and, apparently, a belt hung from the left shoulder, as for a quiver, with a high cap, that fits the upper part of the head, and the shamrock in front: all forming an entertaining picture of the Irish costume, about the middle of the sixteenth century.

HUMOUROUS PROPOSALS
FOR RAISING
A CORPS OF AMAZONS.

AN answer to the plan, which appeared in the County Herald, the 9th instant, for raising a corps of females, to be called the Queen's Amazons.

WERE the Queen with her maids to begin to recruit
Fair subjects of spirit, her purpose to suit,
An army of Amazons soon would appear,
That would put Bonaparte and his heroes in fear.
But, to form our fair wives or our widows in van,
They would charm all the French, all the French to a man.
Get a regiment of old maids, the army to head,
They'll strike Bonaparte with a horrible dread.
As 'tis cruel to fix the old maids in the rear!
Let them range in the front, and there's nothing to fear.
Disappointments and crosses their hearts have so vext,
That to conquer or die they've got a pretext;
They will dart on their foes looks so sour and grim,
It shall cause them to tremble in every limb.
Then, they'll take a French leave, and be gone in a crack,
Nor force, nor persuasion, will e'er bring them back.

YE toiling, ye careful, industrious souls,
Ye far fetching merchants, who visit the poles,
Ye fearful, ye old, ye decrepit, and lame,
Pray think what is what, and the war never blame.

You may hear how the French do the English charge
As breakers of treaties, their views to enlarge.
Well, let them charge on, but know this for a fact,
That the cause and the source of the war is their act.

John Bull they provok'd, and they made him resent
Their ambitious proceedings, which soon they'll repent;
For since war is begun, John the same will pursue,
And cause his provokers their folly to rue.

France the cause and source of the war!—we don't understand that. Pray explain it a little.——I have neither time, nor much patience for explanations. I will tell you a story, however, that may do as well, and then finish my song.

"You all know Jack Downright, and his chattering neighbour, Kate Frisky; and you all know or may remember, that Jack and Kate could never agree long together; that they often fell out; and their fallings out sometimes set the whole neighbourhood a jangling, and they were altogether by the ears.

"Some friends, and well disposed people, advised that Jack and Kate should enter into a treaty of peace,

peace.—"With all my heart," said Jack, "I don't care how soon, so "it be just and honourable."—"Nor I," replied Kate, "for I am "a mild, peaceable woman, and "dote upon peace; and provided "things are settled so and so, I "am ready to sign the treaty to-"morrow."—Jack, like an honest, plain, well meaning man, would neither demur nor haggle about a few trifles, he let her have her way in most things; and the treaty of peace was signed by both parties, and it was Jack's intention to have kept it.

"Not long after, as Jack entered the public house, to cheer his heart with a pint, after the fatigues of the day, he saw every mouth open upon him, every tongue vociferated, "behold the treaty-breaker." Kate, said they, has been round the village, and made it to ring again with her complaints against you; and her every third word is, that you are a violator of the most solemn and sacred treaty.

"Ay! ay! like enough," said Jack, "I know her of old; this "is not the first time that Kate "Frisky has spread her Canterbury-"Tales, and strove to make her "own case good, by throwing the "whole on my shoulders. But let "her tattle as long as she likes. If "so be, I have broke the treaty, "how could I help it. You all "know neighbours, what a trouble-"some woman Kate has been.—"Then her vanity and ambition "were too great for plain Jack to "brook. She wanted to be prais-"ed for beauty that she has lost, "and to be extolled for virtue which "she never possessed; she extended "her arms, to shew what a com-"pass she was able to take in; she "spread her hands that I might ob-"serve the length of her nails; in "short, neighbours, Kate gave "herself so many ridiculous airs, "held her head so high, and tossed "up her nose so, that I could not "bear it; and I will let her know, "that she shall not toss up her nose, "nor hold up her head over Jack "Downright. I be n't afraid of Kate, "I hope; so let her tattle, let her "spread her arms, and shew her "nails. I have not yet forgot her "cruel treatment of her good fa-"ther—no, no, that was too bad "to be forgotten in a day or two."

Now I have told my story, give me leave to finish my song, which I shall do in another tune, for I have more tunes than one to sing in.

VALIANT British sons of thunder,
Array, and make the world to wonder;
Demand your due, defend your right,
You need not fear with France to fight.
Cruel the rebels, who contend,
Who wrong and robbery defend.

For England's glory draw the sword,
To put down France's usurping lord;
Lost liberty to Frenchmen bring;
To them restore their rightful king;
And call back peace and amity,
To kingdoms that have mourn'd with thee.

He comes, he comes, the upstart comes,
Prepare your cannons, swords, and drums,
Make the upstart bite the ground,
Then let trumpets, hautboys, sound,
And clarionet, and sprightly fife,
Proclaim the rebel's ebbing life.

Usurpers never lord it long,
However rich, however strong,
Ambitious aims, or flighty scheme,
Oft lead them to the fatal stream,
Down which they roll to endless night,
And leave the world to take their right.

But gratitude is incense sweet,
A kind reception, always meet;
It mounts above the skies aloft,
From grateful hearts as incense soft;
And blessings warm will call it forth,
And give the heart its pleasing birth.

Thus, when usurping tyrants die,
Returning shouts will rend the sky;
'Tis sin and folly to be sad,
For ev'ry heart should then be glad;
'Tis

'Tis Heav'n's choice mercy, favour great,
When lordly upstarts meet their fate.

To Louis raise the standard high,
Let every tongue a Louis cry;
Upstarts then shall tumble down,
And Louis mount his lawful throne:
Consuming war shall quickly cease,
And Europe flourish long in peace.

Stambourn, July 24. 1803. A. B.

HUNTWORTHY-COURT-LODGE,

Once the Grand Sporting Seat of King Henry VIII.

A Ramble to it, through North-Petherton, Burton-Pynsent, Boroughbridge; and a Return down the east Bank of the Parret, to Bridgewater. With some account of an old Fisherman.

RELEASED from the Society of market-day farmers, complained of in my last, I resolved to ramble a few miles into the country, and take refreshments, with silence, and simplicity: for this purpose, I left Bridgewater, and took through the meadows three miles to North-Petherton; where, I had been assured, I should find plenty of gratification for one of my peripatetic disposition. I entered a respectable inn, just as the landlady was spreading her plentiful board, with a plain but comfortable dinner. After the usual sacrifices, I turned my thoughts towards the rarities of the hamlet, and was directed to Huntworthy-Court-Lodge, once called the grand sporting retreat of our eighth Henry; and, if tradition be correct, the solitude of his Queen, Catherine, after her unnatural repudiation. And now quitting my inn, I entered a large quadrangular green, where stands the parish church*, a beautiful structure within and without, with a lofty tower superbly adorned, forming a feature in the landscape, of peculiar grace and attraction; as indeed do most of the sacred buildings in this celebrated county.

The people of Somersetshire, it seems, were particularly attached to the interests of the House of Lancaster; and, in their wars with the Yorkists, had signalized themselves so well, that when Duke Henry had overcome the army of Richard, the new king, to shew his gratitude to the people of these western parts, repaired all their churches, and adorned them with lofty and magnificent towers, filled with the most musical bells.

Although some historians darken the character of the seventh Henry with meanness, the worst of vices in a sovereign prince, yet this policy was highly commendable; and if it may not be called liberality, it had at least its rise in wisdom: for these new objects were continually before the eyes of his subjects, and, so often as look'd upon, called to their recollection the princely munificence of the donor. From this place, I turned over a few fields to the eastward, and presently came in sight of the old Hunting Lodge, once so nobly frequented.

Huntworthy-Court-Lodge, is at present inhabited by Farmer Gatcomb; but, in 1542, it was the favourite retreat of one of the greatest sovereign princes in Europe. All that remains perfect of this royal seat, is the body of the building. The offices are in ruins, the fine gardens turned into laystalls, and the chapel into a pig-sty; the superb painted glass, from the designs of the favourite Holbein, is removed

* The pulpit is fixed on the brawny shoulders of a monk, well carved, and constantly painted; the inhabitants call it Popery, and say they retain the figure, to shew how they will for ever tread that doctrine under foot.

no one knows whither; and those windows, through which the unfortunate queen, was wont to send her sighs to her Creator, are now plastered up, to soften that unnatural tax upon the lights of heaven. Her Majesty's secret chamber, is a lodge for weary clowns to snore in; where stood the couch of her repose, on which, as Shakespear describes, "the queen was wont to be comforted in sleep by visions of bliss," lies a poke of sorry flocks—Yes! in the very place, where, waking, she could thus exclaim—

"Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me.
Mine eyes grow dim—farewell.

When I am dead,
Let me be us'd with honour, strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife, to my grave.
Altho' unqueen'd, yet, like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me."

The rich stucco ceilings are no more. Not a single shred of tapestry remains; the walls it once covered, are now the bearers of more humble adornments—the old ballads of "Margery's Ghost," the "Cruel Stepmother," the "Maiden Aunt," and the "Children in the Wood," usurp their former Arachnean magnificence. The ample courtgreen before the palace, where the sound of the hunter's horn used to call up the sovereign, is now a cow-lair, too filthy for decency to penetrate. The royal armorial bearings are nearly vanished; the wyvern has lost his sting and his tail; and his former companion, the greyhound, is gone for ever. The shield of England is defaced; and, the crown of York and Lancaster, now hangs upon a sorry peg, like the cover of an old water-pot out of use. The palace turrets are decayed, and all its beauties vanished like a dream. In those very stalls, where the high pampered hunter, and the gallant palfrey were wont to toss their heads, the poor laborious ox masticates his humble food: and, where the sweet sounds of minstrelsey raised the soul to Heaven, is only heard the cackling of geese, and the grunting of swine. If our sweet Willie of Avon, had been alive to notice these changes, surely he had sung to this effect—

"Ye Gods! how changeable is mortal consequence? Man eagerly grasps awhile the rods of power, and tips them with the ensigns of his proud authority; and sits and scowls on all beneath him. Now, high he builds some ample tower, some gorgeous palace, the temple of his divinity; and now, he stores it well, with all that art, that nature, gives, or pride selects for garniture: when, like a silly bird by the skilful fowler's aim, he's shot by hunter—Death—and from his tree-top bough topples head-long down, unpitied, to the dust; and some, who flattered him to folly, make merry at the change. Now, with his fortune, all things wear another hue: e'en o'er the pillow of his loves, the spider ticks his nightly watch: and, where he fed on dainty's nicest dish, the hungry rats explore; and the night-owl mutes and hollows with impunity. Perhaps, his mansion changes with his fate, and down it comes: and that which once a rubble from the quarry came to rise to beauty, as a rubble falls again.—Such is pride's eventful history."

From these mutilated works of time, I crossed the river to Æthelingay, or the Isle of Nobles, where the great Alfred once secreted himself from the murderous Danes; and

and, here is still the place shewn, however incredible, that sheltered the royal fugitive. Quitting the confluence of the Thone and the Parret, I mounted Lady Chatham's park, to the seat called Burton-Pynsent, of most commanding beauty, and worthy the traveller's nicest attention. Burton-Pynsent, as I am here informed, was given by —— Pynsent, Bart. to Colonel Pitt, before any appearance of his elevation took place, to serve a political purpose; and this to the prejudice of his own son, whom the baronet thought proper to discard, for a marriage with the girl of his heart.

As I sat on the high ground of Burton-Pynsent, at the foot of the obelisk, contemplating the site of the antient Æthelingay, a thousand pleasing visions of fancy passed before me; I saw the disguised monarch, shaping his bow, heedless of the taunts of the mercenary neatherd, and his intolerable shrew; I beheld him,—"in the mind's eye,"—rush from his hiding-place in order of battle, surrounded by his nobles; I saw the charge, and the discomfited Danes fly before him; I then beheld the conqueror harranguing his people; and, while he expatiated on their past miseries, shewed the propriety of defending their restored liberty; so impressive were the powers of imagination, that I drank in all their charms; and, rising from my reverie, wrote thus with my pencil on the base of the pillar, at Burton-Pynsent.

"O Liberty! thou art the great goddess of my adoration; I will sing songs of praise to thee while I have existence, and climb the highest of the dewy mountains, to embrace thee; even at the rising and the close of day will I kiss thy feet, for thy presence can give more rapture than all the treasures of the universe.

"Where thou art, Supreme Good! more brilliant seemeth creation; and where thou art not, the sun has lost his lustre; and, sad reverse! the songs of the field-birds, remind mankind of the full magnitude of their misery; and, to behold them wing the air, is but to make men curse their own contiuance.

"All-charming Liberty! even when my head is grey with many years, and the sinews of my arm relax to feebleness, if there be need, O let me make a last exertion, a willing effort in thy favour; and think it the proudest honour of my life, to die for thy protection.

"May the tyrant who would rend thy sacred vestments, perish like a Damien, and his name be erased from society; may his habitation be cast to the ground, and its foundation ploughed by asses; may the soil be cursed with everlasting sterility; and, if perchance, one stem should spring, may it prove the bramble, useful but to bind a grave.

"Such be my song, and such my love for thee, all-cheering Liberty! and O! may my country, however fallen, never prove unworthy an Alfred like the last for its salvator."

This part of Somersetshire is at all times competent to furnish the ingenious mind with a delectable feast. The shells and fossils found in the quarries are various, numerous, and, beyond description, wonderful; by digging near Ilchester, in this neighbourhood, I could in a little space set out a display of fish for a city alderman; I could give him as fine a turtle, to appearance, as ever graced the convivial board at La Forests, with other shell fish in abundance: above all, as perfect a lobster as ever sprawled upon a fishmonger's stall in London. How this jumble of aquatic forms came into the hills of Somerset is beyond my comprehension: an ingenious writer has attempted

attempted to describe the phenomenon, though, according to my conception, in a way rather hypothetical.

"From the furious motion," says he, "and prodigious power of stormy winds, the perpetual agitation and justling of the waters, and the centrifugal exertions of the globe, the bones, shells, and other excrementitious parts of fish, were thrown through the mass to the surface. From these originated all the infinitely various combinations of substances, which now appear on the earth, or near its surface. The calcarious matter was first held in solution by the aërial acid; this being more ponderous than air, descended from it, and, mingling with water, suspended its earth. If it met any other matter, to which it had a stronger affiance, it deserted the salited mass. Hence arose earth, marbles, stones, &c. From the mingled zoophites, fish, and petrefied vegetables in the sea, with the moving elements, arose all the various combined substances in nature."

The truth of this I am willing to leave to more learned investigators; but cannot quit the subject without still expressing my wonder how a turtle, the primitive inhabitant of the West Indies, should be found in the centre of an English quarry. I turned a little out of my way, the day being uncommonly pleasant, to look on the two Sedgemoors, where the Duke of Monmouth fought the troops of his uncle James, and was defeated. The large moor is now draining for cultivation, and comprehends 1600 acres; and the less, called the West Moor, 1700, making together a prodigious tract of waste, where scarce any living creature is seen, except innumerable flocks of geese. It is here itinerant dealers are supplied at a very cheap rate; and those flocks you sometimes see driven about your streets are principally from the Sedgemoors.

The provincial wits here have a saying, when any one grows wealthy and saucy at the expence of another—

"He feeds his geese at Sedgemoor,"

Alluding to the tenantry feeding their feathered flocks for nothing, to their great advantage. This vast common, it is here reported, is shortly to be converted to a more commendable purpose—a corn garden, to feed the industrious poor.

Receding from the Sedgemoors, my attention was impressively caught by a singular eminence called the Tump, a hill capped with a fine piece of ruins. Having obtained the summit, I found several workmen dismantling a venerable chapel, once of great beauty, and standing, as Dr. Trusler asserts, in the days of Alfred; the resemblance of which Mr. Bampfield, of Taunton, has preserved in a picture, painted by himself, from which I have an etching presented by that gentleman. From this lofty situation, as I looked down upon Boroughbridge, and its accumulating waters, I clearly perceived that, from local advantages, great benefits, with little labour, might accrue to the whole of the western counties; and it struck me with wonder that, in this canal-cutting age, a communication had not been effected between this place and the English Channel, a circumstance not difficult to attain, if the monied interest of the west would heartily enter into the scheme. Nature seems particularly favourable to such an undertaking. Let us suppose for a moment the canal begun at Boroughbridge, and winding between the hills to Lime in Dorsetshire, a distance of about twenty miles, through this the circuitous travel

travel by the Land's End would be done away; and the profits to the Welsh shores, both banks of the Severn, and several great cities, incalculable. Assisted by the rapid tide of the Bristol Channel, the deep current of the Parret, the freshes of the Thone, and other springs and rivers in its course, it is hardly probable the undertaking can fail of water even in the driest season; and the whole western trade find a speedy intercourse with the eastern markets.

To illustrate the advantages of such an inland navigation take the following fact—

"Two captains, one of a Jamaica ship, and the other of a Cardiff trader, left the port of London the same tide, went down Channel together, and parted at the Land's End; the West Indiaman soon got into the trade-winds, and the Cardiff ship to its destination; the wind changed to the west, and continued stationary for so many months, that the Cardiff ship was confined, and the Indiaman absolutely returned, and made good the port she set out from before the Welsh trader could weather the Land's End."

From this it must be seen, at one view, of what utility a new navigation would be to the east and to the west; it would, above all things, be the means of curbing that diabolical spirit of monopolization felt in London, by the consumers of sea-coal during an inclement season; that precious article of comfort being found on the Welsh shores of an excellent quality, and in as great abundance, as in any other part of the island.

"Farewell," I cried, "to the abode of the great Alfred!" and, quitting Boroughbridge, took down the right bank of the Parret. The beams of the declining sun, together with the fresh breezes playing on the waters, made the afternoon particularly agreeable; and, having time to renew my remarks, like a stout knight in romance, I took my way, looking out for new adventures.

On both sides the winding Parret is a tree of singular beauty, the natives call it the Napsey: its like I never beheld to the eastward, and am informed is seldom to be met with but in Somersetshire. In its full growth, the napsey is tall, light, and thin in the air: inside the leaves, the colour is a shining dark-green; the outside, as white as a garden lily; and, while the wind blows brisk, the leaves of the napsey turn up their silver bottoms, and gaily quiver before the sportive gales. The ivy exhibits a partial attachment to this tree, and most cordially embraces it from the root to the extremity of its branches; the leaf is not in shape unlike the ivy, except deeper in the base. The gaudy woodpecker loves to cling to its trunk, and the merry redstart to flutter round it with his waving crimson tail, to take the presuming insect that comes to wound its tender bark. It is to be pitied our landscape painters do not sometimes select the napsey, it would do well where variety is pleasing; and, in the fore ground of a picture, where there is a great breadth of shadow, and might be so managed as not to take off too much of the attention from whatever is made a principal; but our modern landscape painters, like some of our modern poets, overstep the modesty of nature to make up their compositions with creatures of their own fancy. Morland is an exception to this observation, he travels with a tablet to delineate the rural beauties that come in his way, and then transplants them in the soil of his own fertile imagination, which gives his pictures the true air of English scenery, and makes them the admiration of the real connoisseur.

I had

I had now proceeded about five miles down the bank, when, highly diverted with the singular adornments about a fisherman's hut, I sat me down to survey the premises. He had turned his boat the bottom upwards, and artfully converted it into a drinking room; his worn-out nets hung in festoons just under his humble thatch, with here and there a fractured oar tied cross-fashion with rope yarn; and over the door stood his blue painted rudder, with a broken tiller, &c. The sign of the Old Hoy was evidently manufactured by a better head than the owner's; for it was decently adorned, and beneath the following inscription—

THE OLD FISHERMAN.

My Hoy, gentle friends, I've laid up on the shore,
For my labour is past, and my strength is no more:
No longer my nets to the waters I cast,
Yet am willing to live by my trade to the last.
Then pray you walk in, take a cup of good ale,
And help an old Fisher retir'd from the gale;
His life, like the current that flows by his door,
Will soon be run out, and he'll trouble no more.

And on a rude board fastened to the side of the above, by way of addenda—

I've made my sign a little wider,
To let you know I sell good cyder.

The whimsicallity of this aquatic philosopher it seems had answered his wishes to the full; for, it being but a little walk from Eastover-street, Bridgewater, to the Old Hoy, the sons of commiseration, recollecting the old proverb, that

"Many can help one, when one can't help many,"

Frequently emptied the old man's cyder hogshead; and, as they filled his purse, lightened his cares.

The sun was now sinking to his watery bed; and having followed the windings of the muddy Parret for near nine miles, not a little satisfied with my ramble, I sought the inn at Bridgewater, from whence I set out to visit the Royal-Huntworthy.

Thus I have spent in toil another day,
Tho' tir'd my frame, my spirits still are gay;
I now retire to take a sweet repose,
And plead for you, my country, and its woes.

T. N.

SPORTING WITH OLD SAWS;

OR,

A Letter of Advice entirely consisting of English Proverbs Addressed to a Person inclined to marry.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I am none of those that love to have an oar in every ones boat, or such a busy body as deserves to be hit in the teeth, that I should keep my breath to cool my pottage; yet, you and I having eaten a peck of salt together, and having a hint that you are upon a business that will either make you, or mar you—for a man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife—I would wish you to look before you leap, and make more than two words to a bargain.

It is true, that marriages are made in Heaven, it is also true that marriage and hanging goeth by destiny. But, if you are disposed to marry, marry a shrew rather than a sheep, for a fool is fulsome; yet ye run a risk also in the other, for a shrew may so tie your nose to the grindstone, that the grey mare will prove the better horse; besides, there is another old saying, that every one knows how to tame a shrew but he

he who hath her. If it be your fortune to meet such a one, she may chance to put you to the charge of buying a long spoon, for he must have a long spoon who will eat with the devil.

Moreover, if you needs must marry, do not fetch your wife from Dunmow, for so you may bring home two sides of a sow; nor from Westminster, for he who goeth to Westminster for a wife, to Pauls for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may have a jade to his horse, a knave to his man, and a wag-tail to his wife.

But if you needs must marry, let her rather be little than big, for of two evils the least is to be chosen: yet there is another hazard in that also; for a little pot is soon hot, and so she will be little and loud; if you give her an inch, she will take an ell: she will always have a Rowland for your Oliver, and two words for one; such a wife, though she be as tender as Parsons Lemman, yet she may prove a wolf in a lamb's skin; instead of a rose, you will have a burr. If you meet with such a one, you may be put to answer as he was who having a damnable scold to his wife, and being asked by Sir Tho. Badger, who recommended her unto him? He said, "an old courtier." "What courtier?" said Sir Tho. "it was the devil, Sir."

Furthermore, take heed of too handsome a wife, for then she is likely not to be all your own, and so she may bring you to your horn book again, or rather make you horn mad; and then you have brought your hogs to a fair market.

But by all means be wary of too easy and lavishing a wife, for so you may quickly turn a noble to nine-pence, and come home by broken cross; she will in a short time make hunger to drop out at your nose, she will thwitten a mill-post to a pudding-prick, the goose will drink as deep as the gander, and then, when all is gone and nothing left, what avails the dagger with the dudgeon-heft? The wolf will be then still at the door, and the black ox will tread on your toe; your neighbours will make mouths at you, and say, you are as wise as Waltham's calf, who went nine miles to suck a bull, and came home more thirsty than when he went.

You must also be wary how you marry one that hath cast her rider, least you fall into a quagmire, wherein another was lost, I mean a widow, for so you will be subject to have a death's head often put in your dish. Touching the complexion of your wife, the Spaniard holdeth black to be the wholesomest, for he hath a proverb, *Muger negra Trementina en Ella*, a black woman hath turpentine in her: the Frenchman is for the brown, when he saith, *Fille brunette gaye & nette*, a brown lass is gay and cleanly, but they both will tell you that, touching a red haired and bearded woman, salute them a hundred paces off. However, as a fool at forty is always a fool, therefore beware of imitating a leek, which, though it has a grey head, has also a green tail.

Take heed by all means of doting so far upon any one female, as to marry her for meer affection: it is true, that one hair of a woman will draw more than an hundred yoke of oxen, yet meer affection is but blind reason, and there are more maids than malkins: it is true, that in love there is no lack, yet it is as true, that nothing hath no savour; and there must be suet as well as oatmeal to make a pudding. In this case it is better to buy a quart of milk by the penny, than keep a cow, and to follow the Italian proverb, viz. commend the sea, but keep

keep thyself a shoar; commend the hills, but keep thyself on the plains; commend a wedded life, but keep thyself a batchelor. According to another wise proverb, he who marrieth doth well, but he who marrieth not, doth better; whereunto alludeth a third, that next to a single life the married is best: I will conclude with that of the Italian, honest men use to marry, but wise men not.

When you read this, I know you will be apt to say, a fool's bolt is soon shot; or cry out, wit whither wilt thou? Yet, though I am none of the seven sages, I can look as far into a millstone as another, and you know that the stander-by, seeth more than the gamester.

What I write is the language of a friend, and could I stead you herein, I would do it with as good a will as ever I came from school.

I am,

Usque ad Aras.

Yours to the Altars.

ORIGIN OF FEMALE CHAISE-DRIVING IN ENGLAND.

ABOUT forty years ago, it was remarked, that a lady in this metropolis expressed herself, that she thought every woman ought to know how to drive, for fear her servant should be drunk, a common thing then when visits were paid in the country at any distance. Soon after this, two Countesses were seen driving near Westminter Bridge, one in a four-wheel chaise, the other in a curricle. Many women of quality; afterwards took to driving a one horse chaise.

AN OLD SMACK.

JOE MILLER.

A Pilgrimage to the Tomb of that Old Sportsman.

Lie light upon him parent Earth! for he
Made light the heart; and set the spirits free.

IF cheerfulness be the prolongator of human existence, what a brilliant fee has the gloomy man to pay his physician, when he has diverted the melancholy of his patient, and covered his face with the muscles of risibility?

Of this mirth-communicating faculty, was the once celebrated Mr. Joe Miller, comedian, whose prescriptions for the spleen are, even at this day, as well received, as the most admired remedies from the Medicabulum of Æsculapius.

In the early part of my life, I had frequently heard the name of our English Momus at the tables of jocularity. Not a witty thing could be said by one man, but another was ready to attribute the flash to Joe Miller.

If my grand-father told the frolics of his youth, and finished his narration with a good point—"Ha! ha!" cries a listener, "that's a good Joe Miller." Poor Peter Perry, of sporting memory, was only remarkable for telling a story about a *mare* and a *milestone*, as long as from London to Lincoln: his prolixity was insufferable, and one day a person in company exclaim'd in an angry tone, "Who is that man?" "His name is Perry," answered a neighbour. "By heaven," rejoin'd the inquirer, "I wish it had been Mum." "Ha! ha!" bellowed Peter, instead of apologising for his loquacity, "that's a good Joe Miller, by ——."

An elderly lady of my acquaintance, once assured the company, that

that when she was a girl, her mother placed her for the recovery of her health in the Isle of Wight, at the house of one farmer Fry-in-pan; where, one morning, a hawk was so eager in pursuit of one of the farmer's pidgeons, that he drove it into a hot oven, just prepared to receive the family bread, and that both hawk and pidgeon perished together. "Poor pidgeon," replied a by-stander, "that was from the Fry-in-pan into the fire." "Ha! ha! Mr. Jimcrack," cried the lady, "you are always turning over a leaf in Joe Miller."

If a simple joke escaped any one in a pleasant moment, exclamations of a similar nature, attended the wag that let it slip. "A Joe Miller," cried some one, "page 45, turn'd down, and much thumb'd at the bottom."

So frequent was this extraordinary character brought forward in companies where I associated, that I resolved last winter, upon my return to the metropolis, to make myself better acquainted with the history of the author of so much popularity, and whose flashes of merriment, so frequently set the table in a roar. To obtain this end, I was recommended to wait on a Mr. Bulgen of Cary-street, a reputable tradesman, who has the felicity to be grave-digger to the parish of of St. Clement Dane, but more of that gentleman anon. In the interim, gentle reader, permit me, with the great parliamentary orators of the present age, to deal a little in prolixity.

When we hear the exploits of eminent men, there is a laudable curiosity attached to the active mind, while it endeavours to trace their beginning, and follow them to their dissolution. It is praise-worthy to select their singularities, and detail them for the entertainment of others less sedulous; while none but a churl digests them in gloom, to consine them to eternal silence. When a minister of state slips his wind, the venality of news-writers, attributes virtues to him he never possessed, and bestrews his actions with commendations that serve to feed credulity, and make the philosopher wrinkle his visage to the out-lines of side-shaking laughter; the creatures of his bounty vote the great man a monument; and now the richest fancy of the artist directs the chissel, to divert those whose sons bled at his mandate; or to delight the fool, whose treasure dissolved like snow before the sun, to support projects began without wisdom, and concluded in disgrace; while the merry fellow, the contriver of our happiness, who mounts our spirits to the highest degree on the barometer of mirth and health, like a poor player just struts his hour upon the stage of life, and is heard of no more; not a stone covers his head, not a bramble dresses his sod; he moulders like a clown, and his merits are forgot.

I waited on Mr. Bulgen, just as that gentleman was repairing to make the great bed of human rest; and requested him to make me acquainted with all he knew respecting Mr. Joe Miller. "What," said he, "my brother comedian?" At this I started, and begg'd to know what part of the play he was destined to perform. "Finisher of the works of fate," he replied.—"And I build that house for man, that shall last him to doom's-day." "Sir," rejoin'd Mr. Bulgen, "to put joking on one side; I am the grave-digger; and if you think proper to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Mr. Joe Miller, it is near at hand, and all I know of that witty gentleman, I am free to communicate." I thanked Mr. B. for his politeness; and away we went, cheek-by-jowl, to the burying-ground

in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and I was presently introduced to the tomb of the man, of whose history I was most solicitous to know.

"This" said Mr B. "is the tomb of honest Joe; it was sunk even to the dust of him it was raised to celebrate. I forced it from obscurity, renewed its face at my own expence, and from no other motive than a sincere affection for the memory of the man."

I ran over the inscription thus.

Here lie the remains of
Honest Joe Miller,
Who was
A tender husband,
A sincere friend,
A facetious companion,
And an excellent comedian.
He departed this life, the 15th day of August, 1738, aged 54 years.

EPITAPH.

"If humour, wit, and honesty could save
The humorous, witty, honest from the grave;
This grave had not so soon its tenant found,
With honesty and wit, and humour crown'd.
Or, could esteem and love preserve our health,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well."

This stone, said I, contains his history—I wished to know no more—transcribed the modest tale upon my tablet, and departed.

Ye sportsmen disdain not to visit the tomb of facetious Joe, for he loved your sports, and followed the manly chase, and sang the "Sweet ton'd horn, that called the Hunters to the Field," the "Stilton Race," "Squire Frampton," and "Newmarket Sports."

And you, ye Children of Thalia, come, slip the comic sock, and bend a moment at the shrine of playful Joe; for he, like you, could flash the blaze of wit, and make the wide theatre ring with a cure for melancholy, for care, and every imp of sorrow.

And you, ye Choice Spirits, before all, come, and shed libations on the head of mirthful Joe; for he was wont to charm the terrors of the wintry night; and, like you, full oft he ushered in the sunbeams with a countenance that bespoke hilarity, and man-becoming friendship.

Ye Bards, though last not least in love, bow at the grave of honest Joe; 'twas he personified the characters your learned tribe prepar'd; Johnson, Fletcher, Dryden, wrote for him; and Shakespear's wit put on by Joe, was wit sublime. All! all! disdain not to remember such a man, and think not your pride wounded by a pilgrimage to the tomb of one who still instructs you how to laugh.

Lie light upon him, Earth, for honest Joe
Taught what your gloomy churls disdain;
The ready way to make the pleasures flow
With bliss that never leaves a pain.

T. N.

ECCENTRIC THOUGHTS ON MUSICAL DISORDERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IT has been remarked, with the surprise which ignorance occasions, that our climate is principally injurious to first rate singers, while the fourth, or third, or perhaps even the second rates, are exempted from its influence. The reason of this, however, will be obvious, if we consider that it is in singing,

singing, as in our mode of life, in our diet, the more we depart from *simplicity* the more we become liable to disorder, put ourselves as it were out of the protection of nature, and become the prey of every trifling change of weather. In our singing, as well as at our tables, we have introduced so many foreign kick-shaws and fantastical ornaments to make our guests stare, and ask one another, *what is it?* that a good plain stomach cannot find any of its favourite indulgences.—What *made dishes* are to the stomach, I consider *bravuras* are to the lungs. Who ever heard that the weather had any effect on a Scotch melody? but if a singer will take the cadence note and hash it *up* into a thousand little fritters, so as to carry the subject quite out of sight, I have always found the consequence to be a certain degree of cold. The *warmth* of feeling evaporates, the pores are open to *wonderment* and applause, and the least touch of an easterly wind never fails to compel the manager to "change the play." I have likewise observed that the due accompaniment of the orchestra is an excellent antidote against disorders, but when once a singer gets beyond them, and endeavours to excel the fiddle, all the consequences of extravagance may be expected. Indeed when I see the fatal words *senza stromenti* in an opera score, I can always predict what will follow, and I immediately advise an alteration in the next night's bills, and tell the deputy managers to screw their faces into an apologetic form. On the other hand, when I see the airs frequently noted with *tempo guisto, piano, pianissimo, gracioso*, or *affectuoso*, I know that there is no occasion to consult the physician or the weather-glass, and that Kemble and Lewis need not study the melancholy language of sudden disappointment.

The Spectator says, that when he saw a luxurious table, he fancied that gouts, and dropsies, and fevers, were lurking under the dishes. In like manner, Mr. Editor, when I hear *cantabiles* and *bravuras*, I know that hoarseness and cough are not far off; I have sometimes even trembled at a *shake*; but, when I catch a performer climbing up to F in *alt*, I am certain I shall have a patient next day.

I state all this, Sir, to prove that there is nothing in our climate pernicious to singers who will be content to live within the diatonic scale, and study simplicity and nature. On the contrary, it has always been deemed very favourable to such, and it is but lately that we have heard any complaints, which, therefore, may be fairly suspected to have no real foundation. For my part, when called in to such cases, instead of feeling the pulse, I look at the patient's music, and if I find much above the treble stave, or any symptoms like the additional keys of a harpsichord, I know that my patient has been playing tricks with her voice, and I order her to be taken down half an octave.

I am, Sir, your's, &c. M. D.

CURIOUS STRATAGEM.

Private Letter from Paris.

IN the preliminary discussions on the *Concordat*, an ecclesiastic of high rank, who gave his assent to all the other clauses, opposed himself most sternly to that which sanctions the marriage of those priests who, during the revolution, had presented themselves before the altar of Hymen.—The First Consul remonstrated very strongly on this subject; but the

repeated

repeated answer was, "that a priest should never forget his vow of *chastity*, and that nothing on earth could either excuse or absolve its violation!" The conversation on this head became rather warm. The inexorable advocate for celibacy even quitted the Thuilleries abruptly, leaving Bonaparte in some degree ruffled by his unexpected opposition.

Fouche, the minister of the police, entering at the moment, inquired as to what had happened, and on being informed, he immediately said, "Leave the matter to me, and I engage that M. De —— shall sign the clause within three days."

Fouche, a man of consummate address, was perhaps spurred forward on this occasion by his personal feeling, being himself a married priest! Knowing, from experienced sagacity, the haunts and foibles of every man of note in Paris, his agents were immediately placed to observe M. De ——, and at dusk on the evening of the same day, the stern churchman was seen to leave his hotel, wrapped up in a grey riding-coat, and to throw himself into a sorry *fiacre*. It drove about a league from Paris to the country house of Madame Visconti, a lady, the notoriety of whose character, spares all reserve. At one o'clock, in the morning, two of the *Mouchards*, having previously gained over a servant of the house, entered the lady's bed-chamber; and, as an apology for their rudeness, stated that they were in quest of a forger of *Billets de Caisse*, whom they knew to be there concealed. After a brief search, M. De ——, was drawn from under the bed, and was immediately addressed by his title with a thousand excuses for the impoliteness offered to a man of his rank. "Whoever ye are," said he with the utmost perturbation, "you are in possession of my secret, and I will give you 10,000 francs each, if you will promise not to divulge it." "Secrecy, Monsieur, is the duty of our profession. We cannot take your money, but we promise not to mention what has occurred to any one but the minister of the police, to whom we owe a faithful account." "I will triple the sum if you will promise not to divulge it to any person."—"That is impossible, Monsieur; we must give an account of our mission to our employer;" and they instantly disappeared.

On their departure, M. De —— immediately perceived the *tour politique* which Fouche had so adroitly played him. He saw, at once, that nothing was left to him but to comply with what was demanded. He repaired early the next morning to the Thuilleries, and signed, without discussion or observation, the clause which but the preceding day he had so strenuously opposed. Bonaparte, who knew nothing of the transactions of the intervening night, was completeley astonished at this sudden change, and, though aware of the subtilty of Fouche, could not divine by what means he had thus instantaneously attained his end. It was necessary to let him into the secret, and the trick was *trop fin* to be buried in oblivion.

DUTCH DIVERTISEMENTS AND FESTIVITIES.

From a Book on the Customs observed at Festivals among the Dutch.

AFTER several pages comes the Order of Fools. Among other *Jokmaalen*, or *Ludicra Convivia*, are those of the Order of Fools, and those

those of *Hoog Castelle*, a lordship situated near Dendermond. The Order of Fools, or *Gekken Gezelschap*, was instituted by Adolphus, Earl of Cleves, and consisted of thirty-five knights, chosen out of the nobility of the first rank, who were to assemble at Cleves the first Sunday after Michaelmas, and to begin by mutual reconciliation.—They established several laws, tending to enforce union and concord. But to mention those only which relate to the subject we are upon, one among the rest ordained, that on the day fixed for their meeting, they were to divest themselves at once of the gravity and ornaments becoming their birth and dignity, and, instead of their magnificent robes, they were to have a bonnet or cap of linen interwoven with silver, and garnished with golden bells, yellow stockings, black shoes, a surcoat with a fool embroidered in silver, and in their hand a golden dish filled with different fruits. In fine, they were not permitted to be distinguished, one from the other, but by acts or signs of folly the most extravagant they could devise, so as to outdo their companions.

The feast of Hoog Castelle yields in nothing to the preceding. It opens with the entry of a woman in a sumptuous dress. You behold that matron, seated with great gravity, in a tumbril, drawn by two old *garrons*, or cart horses, and led by two men, one on foot and the other on horseback. A crowd of all sorts of people follow, rending the air with shouts of joy. Around this place a great number of booths exhibit all sorts of provisions necessary to make good cheer. Here every one partakes of what best pleases the palate. It is there also, that in the midst of the roisting and noisy jollity to which they give themselves up, they assign to each other the employment or occupation which indicates the follies that each have committed. A man, for example, who hath lavished away his fortune, or disbursed more in an undertaking than he has brought an account of to his partners, is made *rent-gatherer* of Hoog Castelle. To another, who has given ridiculous advice in an affair of the utmost importance, is granted the employ of privy counsellor; he is moreover granted the exclusive privilege of *hunting grasshopers*, and the *fishery of the mountain* of Castelle, and such other like emoluments, as a waggish and fertile imagination may form to itself, heated by the jollity and encouraged by the liberty exercised by all in this day of pleasure. This feast is celebrated the first Thursday after Whitsuntide. As to the rest, woe be to the person who sells any thing to the people assembled in this fair, for any thing but ready money; if he comes afterwards to seek for payment, he is condemned as a violator of the laws, to drink beer or wine till he can neither stand nor go! But as to money, he may even whistle for it, and they laugh at, gibe, and jeer him, till he is glad to take himself away.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

A GENTLEMAN who usually spent the winter months in the capital of North Britain, having gone with his family to pass the summer at his country seat, left the care of his town-residence, together with a favourite house dog, to some servants, who were placed at board-wages. The dog soon found board-wages very short allowance; and to make up the deficiency, he had recourse to the kitchen of a friend of his master's, which in better days he had

occasionally

occasionally visited. By a hearty meal, which he received here daily, he was enabled to keep himself in good condition, till the return of his master's family to town on the approach of winter. Though now restored to the enjoyment of plenty at home, and standing in no need of foreign liberality, he did not forget that hospitable kitchen where he had found a resource in his adversity. A few days after, happening to saunter about the streets, he fell in with a duck, which, as he found it in no private pond, he probably concluded to be no private property. He snatched up the duck in his teeth, carried it to the kitchen where he had been so hospitably fed, laid it at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail, and then scampered off with much seeming complacency at having given this testimony of his grateful sense of favours.

ACCIDENT FROM THE OVERTURNING OF A MAIL COACH.

Being the substance of a Trial at Law, in Guildhall, London, July 15, before Lord Ellenborough, and a Special Jury of Merchants.

JATFRAY *v.* FAIRBAIRN AND OTHERS.

MR. ERSKINE stated that he was counsel in this case for the plaintiff, who is a merchant at Glasgow, and who had to complain of nearly a fatal accident in consequence of the gross negligence of the servant of the defendants, who were proprietors of a coach which went from Carlisle to Glasgow.

The plaintiff having been engaged in some business in England, and returning to Glasgow, took a place in this coach at Carlisle. Independent of the negligence of the coachman, he travelled a road to Moffat altogether unfit, which he was not authorized to do since a new turnpike road had been made through the level country, in order to avoid the dangers of the old road, which was extremely hilly, and was attended with many inconveniences to passengers. An act of parliament was procured to make a new road from Moffat to Elvenfoot, to pass through the level country, and to avoid all the hills. The new road had been travelled about a year and an half. It occurred to some people of high rank this might be an inconvenience to Moffat, to have the new road to pass at some little distance from it. They were afraid this place might suffer in its interests, having inns for the accommodation of travellers. The proprietors of this coach thought fit, at their own peril, without giving any notice to the public of the danger they were in, to travel this road, and by that means saved about a mile and an half. The plaintiff took a place in this coach, along with Mr. and Mrs. Grant, to convey them to Glasgow. One unfortunate circumstance was, that this part of the journey was always to be accomplished during the night, and this unfortunate gentleman returning from Liverpool, thinking he was going to the bosom of his family, had no conception of this *new cut*, as it was called, which saved a mile and an half, and which ended in a precipice: He had no idea of it whatever. If they were determined to go that way, they ought to have apprized the passengers that they might have judged for themselves, whether they would go or not. This coach was drawn by four horses, without any postillion on the leaders. He submitted that there ought to have been a man to have

have directed the leaders till they got over the very dangerous place where the accident happened. In coming out of Moffat you ascend a hill, and when you come down the other side of that hill, there is a precipice extremely steep and dangerous to travellers in the night. The coach went slowly up the hill. When they got to the top they went quicker, and then they began to go slower and slower, till at last they stopped. The plaintiff looked out at one of the windows of the coach, when he perceived the leaders with their heads turned back towards the coach. If the coachman had been attentive, even then the accident might have been avoided. If he had detained and stopped the horses, every thing would have been well. But, instead of that, he suffered them to plunge down the precipice. The learned counsel said he shrunk back from stating the rest, which his lordship and the gentlemen of the jury would hear from the witnesses. This was a cause of very great importance to the public. Men of large fortune might travel at their ease in their own carriages; but gentlemen of the commercial world, who were travelling through different parts of the country, upon their lawful business, could not afford to do that. It was a tax which commerce could not bear. Such coaches as that of the defendants' were intended for the convenience and accommodation of the public; and therefore it was of the utmost importance, that they should be driven with caution and attention, and that a proper degree of care should be paid to the safety of his Majesty's subjects.

Several witnesses were called, who proved the leading facts of this opening. The coach was completely overturned, and fell upon the plaintiff, who was so dreadfully bruised and hurt, that he was speechless, and groaned most grievously. It was some time before he was found by Mr. Grant, who had gone forward a little, and did not know that the plaintiff had been so much hurt, but on returning back to the place where the accident happened, he found him in that deplorable state. At that moment another chaise was fortunately returning to Moffat, and carried this gentleman back to that place. The next day, he and Mr. and Mrs. Grant took a post-chaise, and set out for Glasgow; and Mr. Anderson, the surgeon, blamed the plaintiff very much for not remaining for some time at Moffat, and getting some medical advice there. He said, when he examined the plaintiff's body, he at first thought his leg was most injured, being perfectly black; but he afterwards found that his back had received the greatest injury. The plaintiff was confined to his bed for a fortnight, and it was two months before he could walk: he is lame now, and it was probable that lameness would continue for life.

Thomas Lothian was called, to prove who were the proprietors of the coach, and on the cross-examination of Mr Garrow, it appeared that a young lady, a Miss Black, who was about eight years of age, was one of the proprietors. The other defendants had pleaded her infancy, which the plantiffs admitted, and entered a *nole prosequi* as to her.

Mr. Garrow contended, on the authority of a case that was decided at *Nisi Prius*, by Lord Kenyon, and reported by Mr. Espinasse, that instead of a *nole prosequi*, they ought to have discontinued that action, and brought another.

Lord Ellenborough sanctioned the objection, and nonsuited the plaintiff.

plaintiff. His Lordship said, the defendants, he thought, ought to be put under some terms in case of another trial. If any of the witnesses who had been examined that day should die before the next trial, his notes should be read as evidence; and that the next trial should take place at Carlisle, where it ought to have been tried at first.—Plaintiff nonsuited.

Home Circuit.—Hertford, July 26.

ACTION FOR SHOOTING A DOG.

ATKINSON *v.* KENT.

MR. GARROW stated, that the plaintiff in this case was a gentleman residing in London, and qualified for field sports. The dog which had been killed, was a very valuable animal, and worth 20 guineas. It had been sent to a farmer, of the name of Acres, living near Broxbourne, in this county, and one day, the 16th of April last, the animal having gone out with him to a place called White Stork Wood, while the man was loading his cart, the defendant, who was gamekeeper to Mr. Jacob Bosanquet, shot the animal while he was *questing* about the fields. In answer to this case it was pleaded, first, the general issue; next, that Mr. Bosanquet was possessed of a right of *free warren* in the manor of Broxbourne, and that the defendant, as his servant, shot the dog, who was chasing the game.—He denied that the dog was at all chasing the game, it would *quest* (i. e. hunt) after a blackbird; and it was a most ill-natur'd act. He did not mean to blame Mr. Bosanquet, who defended the action, but his servant, who had done the deed; for he was sure Mr. Bosanquet only defended it because he thought his servant was entitled to protection, until his ill conduct was legally proved.

Acres, the farmer, said he had the care of the dog from Mr. Atkinson, and stated his being shot by Kent, in the manner Mr. Garrow had related.

Mr. Serjeant Shephard, for the defendant, observed, that by the pleadings it was admitted the dog was chasing the game; and therefore the only thing for them to do was, to prove the right of *free warren* in Mr. Bosanquet.

To prove this, they produced a charter of Henry VIII. by which the manor of Broxbourne, and right of *free warren,* was given to Sir ——— Child, having been lately part of the possessions of the Knights Templars. The manor afterwards went to the Lords Mounsey, and the right of *free warren* was again confirmed by charter of Charles II. From the latter, Mr. Bosanquet derived his title by purchase.

Mr. Garrow desired the Learned Serjeant to consider for a moment whether he could support his case, and stated to him an objection to Mr. B's title of *free warren.* He did it because he did not wish Mr. B. to have a verdict against him, which would be a bar to his title hereafter, in a much more important matter. The objection was this—that Mr. Bosanquet could shew the deeds, conveying the manor of Broxbourne to him, yet the right of *free warren* would not pass under the word appurtenances, but must be granted specifically and by name, which he apprehended was not done.

Lord Ellenborough was of the same opinion, and said, although it should appear by the deeds that the Lords Mounsey had granted the manor, yet, as the *free warren* was a royal franchise, *non liquet* but

they

they had reserved that to themselves

After a little consideration, it was agreed that a juror should be withdrawn, the defendant undertaking to pay the costs, and five guineas for the dog.

RIGHT OF FREE WARREN OF THE MANOR OF BENHALL.

AT the Norfolk Assizes held at Bury, July 31, nothing very material occurred, except a cause between Charles Long, Esq. of Saxmundham, and Sir Hyde Parker, respecting a right of free warren and paramountship, claimed by the latter, as lord of the manor of Benhall, over the adjoining manor of Farnham, belonging to Mr. Long. This cause occupied the attention of the court several hours, and excited a great interest, from the nature of the question, and the great antiquity of the documents relating to the Benhall estate, produced in court by Sir Hyde Parker's agents, consisting of various grants from the crown, one by King Richard II. of the manor of Benhall, with the free warrens and all other rights and liberties theretofore belonging to it, to his brother, John de Holland, Earl of Huntingdon; others to Howard, Duke of Norfolk; and afterwards, on the attainder, to Thomas Earl of Suffolk, from whom they descended to the Rush family; of whom, it appeared, Sir Hyde Parker had but lately purchased the estate. Survey books of the manor of Benhall were produced, taken in the reigns of Edward IV. and James I. in which, among other rights and royalties, rights of free warren over Benhall and Farnham, as attached to the former manor, were entered and recorded. The court rolls of the manor of Benhall, from the reign of Edward III. down to the present time, were also produced, from which various entries were read, to prove the jurisdiction of Benhall over Farnham; the tenants of which, as appeared by those entries, and as the steward also proved, were regularly summoned to the courts of the former, and were amerced when they made default; acknowledgments of free tenure as of the manor of Benhall by the present Mr. Long and his father, for lands in Farnham, were read, which the steward stated to be for their estate of Farnham Hall; various entries were also read, to prove the free warren over Farnham, by presentments of trespasses therein, by the Monks of Snape and their servants, and many other persons in later days, who were from time to time fined for taking hares, partridges, pheasants, &c. and that the lords of Benhall, in granting out their lands in Farnham, in which they had considerable property, regularly reserved to themselves the beasts of warren, and, as it appeared in some instances, actually granted leases of their free warren in Benhall and Farnham. When the counsel for Sir Hyde Parker was about to enter upon his parol evidence, by examining the late keepers and servants of the Rush family, and some of their friends, who, as he stated to the court, would prove the regular and uninterrupted exercise of sporting over every part of Farnham, and in the very plantations and preserves of Mr. Long, with his full knowledge, the leading counsel for Mr. Long took an objection to a point of law, viz. that Sir H. Parker having by his plea claimed the free warren *by prescription and immemorial usage*, and not *by grant*, it was incumbent upon him to go back to the time of Richard I.

being

being the time of legal memory, whereas his evidence only commenced with that of Richard II. and further, that the manor of Benhall having at that period, and by subsequent attainders of the Dukes of Norfolk, and other persons, who had been lords of the manor, from time to time, reverted to the crown, and been again granted out, the prescription was destroyed.

After some argument among the counsel, the Learned Judge who presided on the bench, Mr. Baron Hotham, stated his regret, that after gentlemen had, at a great expence, brought questions of this nature for decision by a special jury of the county, any legal objections should be taken to prevent that decision; and that, though Sir Hyde Parker had laid a very strong case before the court, yet sitting there to explain the law on the subject, it was his duty to allow the objection taken by the counsel for Mr. Long, in the present instance, to be fatal to Sir Hyde Parker's claim, made by the pleadings as they then were before the court.

In consequence of which, a verdict was given for Mr. Long, leaving the real merits of the case still undecided.

Consistory Court of London.

SEPARATION OF MR. AND MRS. MOORE.

MOORE *v.* MOORE.

THIS was a cause of divorce, or separation from board and mutual cohabitation, by reason of adultery, promoted by John Moore, Esq. of New Lodge, in the county of Herts, against Barbara Moore, his wife. From the proceedings in the cause, it appeared that the parties had been married upwards of thirteen years, and had issue by such marriage four children, three of whom are living; that from the frequent visits of Anthony William Durnford, Esq. a captain in the Guards, at the house of Mr. Moore, a criminal intercourse took place between this lady and gentleman; that during the absence of the husband Mrs Moore eloped, and took lodgings at Acton, by the desire of Captain Durnford, who, it was observed, frequently visited her there; that afterwards they removed to a cottage in Berkshire, which was previously taken by Captain Durnford, where they resided, and still continue to reside, in open habits of adultery.

On the part of the husband 12 witnesses were examined in support of these facts.

The Learned Counsel on behalf of the lady admitted that the adultery was proved, but contended that the conduct of the husband had been of so very negligent and indifferent a kind as to bar him from the remedy he prayed.

The Learned Judge, Sir William Scott, observed, that what had been suggested by the lady's counsel did not afford any solid ground of imputation on the part of Mr. Moore; it did not appear, that he had any suspicion in his own heart that his wife had given countenance to Captain Durnford; whether Mr. Moore took the direct way, or the most effectual method, to compel his wife to return to her duty, it was not for him to inquire, but it was clearly in proof before the court, that Mr. Moore was extremely agitated when he discovered his wife had quitted his house, and entreated her to return. He said, he was of opinion that the fact of adultery was proved in the most direct way, and therefore Mr. Moore was entitled to a sentence of separation.

ACTION

ACTION TO RECOVER TWO GREYHOUNDS.

Tried at the Chelmsford Assizes, 1803.

GARDNER *v.* HANSON.

THE plaintiff in this case was a a farmer, residing at Great Bromley; and the defendant was his neighbour, and lord of the manor. The action was brought to recover the value of two greyhounds, which the defendant had seized, and converted to his own use. To this declaration the defendant had pleaded specially, that he had seized and detained them only until the plaintiff should prove himself qualified by law to use them. To justify this, the warrant was produced by virtue of which they were taken. This warrant was signed by two justices, and was granted on the oath of Killibach, the defendant's game-keeper, who swore that the plaintiff kept two grey-hounds, and that he was not qualified by law to use them. The justices, therefore, ordered them to be seized. This warrant the justices granted without any summons to the party, or giving him any opportunity of proving his qualification. The plaintiff proved, that he was in possession of one hundred and fifty acres of land, of the value of a guinea an acre, besides cottages on it to the further value of twenty-five pounds a-year. This estimation was endeavoured to be reduced by the plaintiff, by shewing that it had been surveyed and valued at fifteen shillings an acre; but the surveyor who made a survey for the parish stated, that it was only done for equalizing the rate, and that Mr. Hanson's land was, at the same time, rated at fifteen shillings an acre, although he must know that it was of greater intrinsic value; and the plaintiff's land was adjoining to the defendant's. It was next attempted to be shewn, that the land was mortgaged for five hundred pounds. The discharge of this incumbrance being also shewn—

Mr. Serjeant Best animadverted with severity on the conduct of Mr. Hanson, who had thus harrassed his neighbour, although he must know that he was duly qualified to sport, and now attempted to cut down his qualification by an exposure of his domestic circumstances.

The Learned Judge said, the plaintiff was certainly entitled to a verdict; but, he added, the conduct of the two justices in granting the warrant was very extraordinary. It seemed, upon the oath of a common fellow of a gamekeeper, who took upon himself to swear, that by law a person was not qualified to keep sporting dogs, they, without any further inquiry, or without any summons calling upon the party to shew his qualification, issued a warrant to seize the dogs.

Verdict for plaintiff—Damages Forty Pounds.

ACTION FOR AN ASSAULT,

At the Assembly Rooms at Lincoln.—Tried at the last Assizes.

THE KING *v.* NOTTINGHAM.

THIS was an action for assault, relative to which we gather thus much from the evidence:—Mr. Alderman Parsons, a gentleman near 70 years of age, and who is virtually the plaintiff in this action,

tion, has for very many years presided at the assembly rooms, below hill, in the city of Lincoln, as master of the ceremonies. On the 6th of January last, whilst superintending the preparations in the rooms, shortly previous to the company assembling, the defendant, who is a young attorney in Lincoln, entered, and demanded why his subscription-money had been returned; not receiving a satisfactory explanation, he proceeded most uncourteously to an assault and battery of the venerable president; he pulled off his wig, buffeted him, and severely caned him, with an implement which he avowed he had brought for the whole and sole purpose; and after a short breathing interval, he renewed his chastisement with an equally unmanly fury. Prosecuting still further this system of degradation, on the 4th of June last the defendant sent a note inscribed to "John Parsons, Esq. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, acting in and for the city and county of Lincoln," acquainting him, that as he had neglected his duty in not taking cognizance of the offence of himself the defendant, in calling him a d—d scoundrel, on the 6th of January last, he should cause a writ of latitat to be issued from his Majesty's court of King's Bench at Westminster, inflicting a fine of L.5 for this dereliction of his duty in not convicting him; and concluding the notable epistle thus—"N. B. You are indebted to me 20s. for preparing this notice, pursuant to act of parliament."—In extenuation of the offence it was pleaded that the defendant had sustained provocation. But the jury, which was special, found him guilty, and the season for hearing palliatives of his conduct will be when judgment comes to be pronounced in the court of King's Bench.

NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL AT JAMAICA.

At a Court-Martial assembled on board his Majesty's ship Ganges, at Port Royal, Jamaica, on the 13th of April, for the trial of Lieut. Charles Clarke Dobson, of the Goliath, for ungentlemanlike behaviour to Capt. Oliver Fitzgerald, of the royal marines,

MEMBERS.

PRESIDENT, SOLOMON FERRIS, ESQ.

H. W. Baynton	George M'Kinley
John Bligh	R. D. Dun
A. F. Evans	W. Rathborne

The court was of opinion that the charge was proved; but, in consequence of Lieut. D's former good conduct, and his having been wounded in the service, he was only adjudged to be dismissed from the Goliath.

On the following day the same court assembled on board the Ganges for the trial of Capt. Oliver Fitzgerald, of the royal marines, on the following charges brought against him by Lieut. Bartholomew Kent, of the Goliath, viz. for sending him a challenge, for treating him with contempt and disrespect as his commanding officer, and for defrauding the wardroom mess of L. 12 : 12 : 6. which he had in charge as their caterer, being a breach of the 22d, 23d, and 33d articles of war. The court sat by adjournment from the 14th to the 21st of April, when they pronounced their judgment as follows, viz. that the 1st and 2d charges were in part proved, the 3d charge not proved; and they sentenced Capt. F. to be dismissed from the Goliath, and rendered incapable of ever serving on full pay in the royal marine forces.

In consequence of the above courts-martial, the following general order was issued by the commander in chief.

Leviathan

Leviathan, Port Royal Harbour, April 23, 1803.

It is with the most serious concern I observe, in a journal of the minutes of the recent court-martial on Lieutenant Dobson, and Capt. Fitzgerald, of the Royal Marines, both serving on board the Goliath; that there has been, in the conduct of the officers of that ship, an entire dereliction of the established regulation of his Majesty's service, to the subordination of discipline and order, in which Lieut. Kent appears to have taken a very active part—I therefore feel called upon to express, in this public manner, my high disapprobation of the irregular conduct of Lieut. Kent, and the officers; and to make it known, for the good of the king's service, that I look to the first lieutenant of all ships under my command for the support of officer-like behaviour and good order within the wardrooms; and should any deviation therefrom arise, which he shall neglect to make his captain or commanding officer acquainted with, I shall call upon him to answer for his neglect at a court-martial.

(Signed) J. T. DUCKWORTH.
To the respective captains, &c.

A GENTLEMAN DEFINED.

AT the late assizes at York, a trial came on relative to a turf affair. A match was to be rode by gentlemen only; but the person who won was not admitted to be a gentleman, and the amount of the sweepstakes was therefore refused to him. On this the action was brought, and of course entirely turned on the question, whether he was a gentleman or not. He had a verdict in his favour.

This trial has occasioned as much conversation and "bad blood" in Yorkshire, as if the fate of the whole county had depended upon it.

The counsel was rather at a loss what question would draw forth the characteristics of a gentleman. The following may serve as a specimen.

Question. Do you regard him, the rider, as a gentleman?

Answer. Not in the general acceptation of the word.

Q. Does he generally enjoy the sports of the field like other gentlemen, and kill game?

A. I suppose so, he takes out a licence.

Q. Did you ever know him do a dirty action?

A. I never did.

Q. Do you reckon him a gentleman?

A. Aye, to be sure I do.

Q. You are a farmer, I understand; does he not attend the markets like other farmers; and, when there, dines with them at an ordinary, where the expences seldom exceed two shillings per head?

A. Yes he does.

One of the evidence, in accounting for this person riding the horse, said, that the rider did not pretend to be a gentleman; but that he had made a promise, when he was drunk, to ride the horse, and that he would sooner go home dead than break his word.

Here the plaintiff's counsel, in a half whisper, said, surely this is a little systematic of the gentleman, he seems to me to be the very pink of gentility.

Another question put to an evidence was,

Q. What is his character?

A. He is a very honest man; but is neither considered by others, as a gentleman, nor does he, I believe, consider himself so.

Q. Is it not very common in the country

country to call gentlemen by their Christian names?

A. We know of no such instances, except where there is a great familiarity between the parties.

Such were the principal questions used to prove the characteristics of a gentleman, in order to enable him to ride a match as a gentleman.

The plaintiff's counsel, who made a very ingenious speech in closing the trial, laid down that "the strong leading traits, the striking features in the character of a gentleman, were, a good education, liberal manners, moral good conduct, and independence of station;" and maintained, that the gentleman in question had not been proved to be deficient in any of these—and we heartily wish the same could be said of all gentlemen of the turf!

The court was crowded on this trial beyond any former precedent.

HUNTING THE PORCUPINE.

THIS ETCHING is from an old German master, HONDIOUS. We have no particulars relative to the Hunting of this Animal, but find, in a late publication intituled "Animal Biography," the following account of the Porcupines—

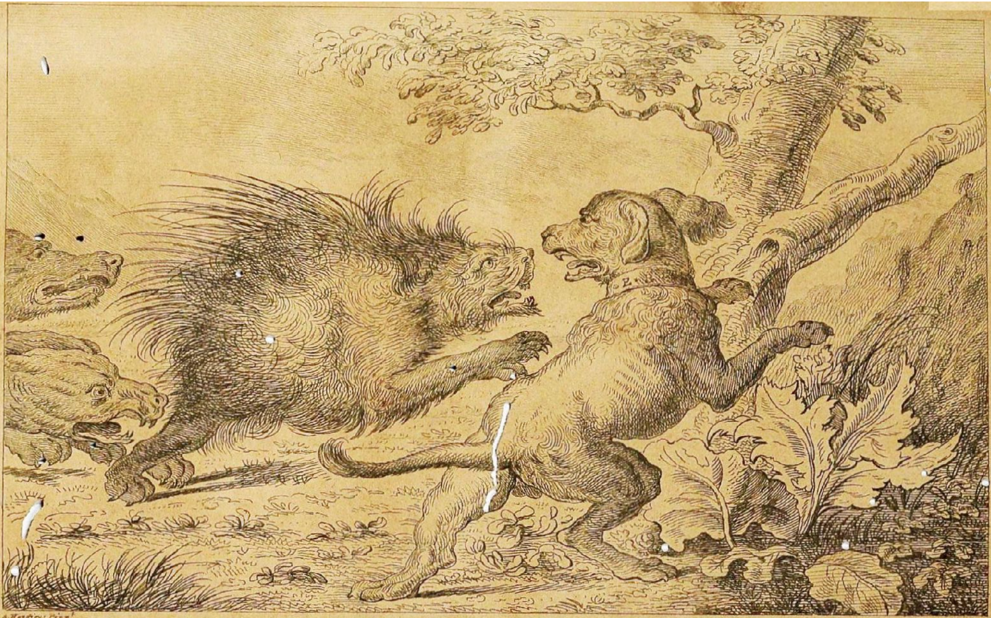
"The animals of this tribe have two front-teeth, cut obliquely, both in the upper and under jaw; and eight grinders: four toes on the fore, and five on the hind feet; and the body covered with spines, intermixed with hair.

"To a superficial observer, they would seem entitled to a place among the Hedgehogs; but they have no farther similitude than merely in the spiny covering of their bodies. None of the species are supposed to be carnivorous.

COMMON PORCUPINE.

"The general length of this Porcupine, is about two feet and a half from the head to the end of the tail. The upper parts of the animal are covered with hard and sharp spines, some of which measure from nine to fifteen inches in length: these are variegated with alternate black and white rings; and as some of them are attached to the skin only by a delicate pedicle, they easily fall off. They are complete quills, wanting only the vane to be real feathers. The animal has the power of elevating or depressing them at pleasure; and when he walks, they (but those in particular about the tail) make a rattling noise, by striking against each other. The head, belly, and legs, are covered with strong dusky bristles, intermixed with softer hairs; on the top of the head, these are very long, and curved backwards, somewhat like a ruff or crest.

"This animal is a native of Africa, India, and the Indian Islands; and is said sometimes to be found even in Italy and Sicily. It inhabits subterraneous retreats, which it is said to form into several compartments, leaving two holes, one for an entrance, and the other, in case of necessity, to retreat at. It sleeps during the day time, and makes its excursions for food, which consists principally of fruits, roots, and vegetables, in the night. Although able to support hunger for a long time, and apparently without inconvenience, it always eats with a very voracious appetite In the gardens, near the Cape of Good Hope, these creatures do much damage. When they have once made a path through a fence, they always enter by it, so long as it continues open;



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Hunting the Porcupine.

Pub. July 1803, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

open; and this gives the inhabitants an opportunity of destroying them. When a breach is discovered, they place a loaded gun, in such a manner, that the muzzle will be near the animal's breast, at the time he is devouring a carrot or turnip, that pulls the string of the trigger. The teeth are very sharp and strong. M. Bosman, when on the Coast of Guinea, put one of them into a strong tub, in order to secure him, but, in the course of one night, he eat his way through the staves, even in a place where they were considerably bent outwards, and escaped.

"In its manners, it is very harmless and inoffensive, never itself becoming the aggressor; and, when pursued, it climbs the first tree it can reach, where it remains, till the patience of its adversary is exhausted: when, however, he is roused to self-defence, it is not even the lion, that dare venture to attack him.

"The late Sir Ashton Lever, had a live Porcupine, which he frequently turned out on the grass behind his house, to play with a tame hunting leopard, and a large Newfoundland dog. As soon as they were let loose, the leopard and dog began to pursue the Porcupine, who always at first endeavoured to escape by flight; but, on finding that ineffectual, he would thrust his nose into some corner, making a snorting noise, and erecting his spines, with which his pursuers pricked their noses, till they quarrelled between themselves, and thus gave him an opportunity to escape.

"It has been asserted by many credulous travellers, that the Porcupines, when much provoked, dart their quills at the object by which they are enraged. This opinion, however, has been fully refuted by many accurate naturalists, who have taken the pains to inquire into the matter. Their usual method of defence, is to recline themselves on one side, and, upon the enemies approach, to rise up quickly, and gore him with the erected prickles of the other. It is also said, that when this animal meets with serpents, against whom he carries on a perpetual war, he closes himself up like a ball, concealing his head and feet, and then rolls upon and kills them with his bristles, without running any risk of being wounded himself.—M. Le Vaillant says, that, owing to some pernicious quality in the quills, one of his Hottentots, who had received a wound in the leg from a Porcupine, was ill for more than six months. He also informs us, that a gentleman, at the Cape, in teasing one of these animals, received a wound in the leg, which nearly occasioned his loss of the limb; and notwithstanding every possible care, he suffered cruelly from it for above four months, during one of which he was confined to his bed.

"When the animal is moulting or casting its quills, a circumstance that may have given rise to the report of its darting them at its enemies, it sometimes shakes them off with so much force, that they will fly to the distance of a few yards, and even bend their points against any hard substance they may happen to strike.—Claudian is the most ancient writer that has been cited for the above strange opinion. The following is a translation of his lines:

> Arm'd at all points, in Nature's guardian mail,
> See the stout Porcupine his foes assail;
> And, urg'd to fight, the ready weapons throw,
> Himself at once the quiver, dart, and bow.

"The female goes with young about seven months, and produces one

one or two at a birth, which she suckles about a month. These she defends with the utmost resolution against invaders, and will rather be killed than suffer herself to be deprived of them.—If taken early, it is said, that Porcupines may be easily tamed.

"In their stomachs bezoar stones are frequently found. These are composed of a very fine hair, which has concreted with the juices of the stomach, and have one layer over another, so that they consist of several rings of different colours. Professor Thunberg says, he has seen them as large as a hen's egg, and that they are generally blunt at one end: but one that he saw was as big as a goose's egg, of a brown colour, and perfectly globular.

"The quills are used by the Indians, to adorn many curious articles that they make; the neatness and elegance of which would not disgrace more enlightened artists. They die them of various beautiful colours, cut them into slips, and embroider with them their baskets, belts, &c. in a great variety of ornamental figures.

"The flesh is said to be excellent eating and is frequently introduced at the politest tables at the Cape. According to Kolben, it is the better for hanging a day or two in the chimney."

EAGLES TAKEN IN IRELAND.

NO doubt many of our readers will be gratified with the following account of two young eagles, which were some time ago taken from their nest, on a mountainous precipice, or craggy cliff, called Slieve Donald, in the county of Down, Ireland:—"Two men covered with sack-cloth, and armed, were lowered by ropes to the area which, with considerable difficulty, they robbed of two young, leaving only one addled egg behind. The old eagles being so furious as to create serious alarm, neither the nest nor colour of the egg were noticed. Some fragments of flesh were in the nest. The eaglets were covered with a glossy, dark, murry-coloured down, as it was termed. A basket was attached to the rope that conveyed the men down; into this the young birds were put; but from the incessant violence and amazing strength of the parent birds, were with difficulty carried off.

"These birds were not twelve months old when received. On their first moulting they became much darker, particularly about the breast and thighs, the latter almost wholly of a dusky black; at two years old the base of the bill became yellow; in the third year there was not any material change. At this time one of them killed the other, and devoured it, probably neglected to be fed, for they before lived together in perfect harmony. The food of this bird is said to be principally fish; but it is probable every animal of inferior strength suffers from its rapacity. It is not uncommon in Scotland and Ireland, and breeds generally in the neighbourhood of large lakes, or on the sea-coast, amongst the most stupendous cliffs. Between the upper and lower lakes of Killarney, is a rock called the Eagle's Nest, originating from the circumstance of its breeding there annually. This bird is said to watch the osprey catching fish, when it pursues that bird till he quits his prey, which it seizes most dexterously in the air. From the astonishing height these and some other birds fly, we are led to believe they are capable of living in much lighter air than other animals."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A GERMAN writer says, that Bonaparte is so ambitious, that he would have the Black Sea for a *wash hand bason*—The Mediterranean for a *watering-place*—The Baltic for a *fish-pond*—The Atlantic for a *pleasure yacht*—and the *Pacific* Ocean for a *mirror* when he's in a *passion*.

THE four sloops of war just taken up for service, all bear their commissions with them, which there is no doubt but they will ably execute. The *Merlin* foretels it; the *Scourge* has a rod in pickle for Bonaparte; and the *Vulture*, having first made its meal, will then consign him to *Pluto*, who will doubtless enshroud him, in all the grandeur of chaotic majesty, in the infernal regions.

A BOOKSELLER in the city calls the present war an *appendix* to the *last*, with a table of *contents* in favour of the English, and many *errata* on the part of the French.

EPIGRAM.

T—— taken by B——, his new mansion to view,
He observed, "'Twas a big one, with windows too few,"
"As for that," replies B——, "I'm the builder's forgiver,
"For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the liver."
"True," says T——, "As *you* live upon *farthings* and *mites*,
"For the *liver* 'tis good, but damn'd bad for the *light*!"

Worthing. X. O.

THE lawyers' corps is going on *con spirito*, no *demur* at present exists against coming to *action* on the remotest *circuit*; even the pioneers and all are eager for a *charge!*

WANTED, for the *Great Nation*, for which any price will be *promised*, a calm day, a foggy night, an everlasting *opiate* for British sailors, and a sleepy potion for the military force of Great Britain. Whoever can furnish them in this country for the use of the *little great man* in Paris, shall have for their trouble, Gallic chains, violated women, empty purses, hungry bellies, kicks and blows, and a great variety of professions, from *French perfidy*.

A COUNTRY paper remarks, that a Miss *Legge* gave her *hand* to a gentleman of the name of *Grasp*, in *Bed*-fordshire.

A YOUNG man, having applied, a few days ago, for a situation in a classical academy, was desired by the person appointed to examine him to conjugate *Lavo*. "I beg leave to *decline* that (said the candidate) and immediately withdrew."

A FRENCHMAN and his *wife* happened to come to *blows* a few days ago at Calais. A *Dane*, who was present, was asked, "why he did not interpose?"—"You know," said he, "that I belong to a *neutral* power."

Rosso, the Italian poet, in the memoirs of his life, written by himself, says, that he was extremely happy in two marriages: for his first wife was *dumb*, and his second *blind*; but, adds the bard, "my *third* is neither one nor t'other!"

A witness being lately called on in a *mock court of justice in France* to *declare the truth*, "Why, then," said he, looking the judge fully in the face, "you are all *a set of villains!*" The court was so confounded with such an unexpected but true declaration, that the man walked quietly away, singing an air similar to that of our own language—"*Tantarara Rogues all! Rogues all!*"

The following advertisement is copied from the *New Jersey Journal:*—"To be sold on the 8th of July, 131 *suits in law*, the *property* of an eminent attorney, about to retire from business. Note, the clients are *rich* and *obstinate!*"

EPIGRAM.

Says *Bony* to *Johny*, I'll soon be at Dover!
Says *Johny* to *Bony*, That's doubted by some:
Says *Bony*, But what if I *really* come over?
Says *Johny*, Then *really* you'll be overcome.

The vessels that are preparing with so much rapidity in France are to be *row-boats*. The French *watermen* who venture here upon so rash an enterprise, may have good *oars*, but they must have bad *sculls*.

When our Edward the Third crossed the Channel, in 1340, the French attempted to intercept him with a fleet of 400 sail; but the English so fell upon the French, that they sunk and destroyed two hundred and thirty of their ships, with thirty thousand men, most of whom were drowned; "for not being able," saith the historian, "to abide the numerous vollies of the English arrows, great multitudes of them jumped into the sea and perished. The news of which great loss, the French king's courtiers being perplexed how to communicate to him, his jester took upon him to do it; and, going into the presence, breaks out into the most violent exclamations of—"Oh the cowardly English! — Paltry English!—Faint-hearted English!"—whereupon the king inquiring why such cowards? what had they done? "why," replied the jester, "for not daring to *jump into the sea*, as your Majesty's *brave Frenchmen have done.*"

The following is a very droll specimen of Yankee wit:

TO BE SOLD BY
NICHOLAS BRANCH,
At his *Refectory*, West End of the Bridge, Providence,
SOLID ARGUMENTS,
CONSISTING OF
Bread, Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs, Salmon, Neats Tongues, Oysters, &c. ready cooked.
AGITATIONS.
Cyder, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, Sweet Oil, &c.
GRIEVANCES.
Pepper-Sauce, Mustard, Black Pepper, Cayenne, &c.
PUNISHMENTS.
Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Bitters, Porter, &c.
SUPERFLUITIES.
Snuff, Tobacco, and Sugar.
N. B. Any of the above articles to be exchanged for
NECESSARIES, viz.
French Crowns, Spanish Dollars, Pistareens, Cents, Mills, or Bank Bills.

CREDIT GIVEN FOR
PAYMENTS,
30, 60, and 90 Seconds, or as long as a man can hold his breath.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

An old superannuated sportsman proposes a plan of defence which should include in the army all the *sporting* clergy, who are well known to be most excellent shots. Another intention of this laudable plan is to give the game, all over England, a jubilee year, which will afford in future excellent diversion to all the sporting heroes, who are duly qualified to kill and eat game, meaning after the French regicides and jacobin gentry have turned their wild frantic ideas from ever thinking of success, by vainly attempting to invade this happy, unanimous, patriotic, free country.

At one of the watering places deep and desperate play has been carrying on for some time. A baronet has lost L.20,000, and a lord L.7000.

Ass-riding has, it seems, become a favourite amusement with the ladies, at Tunbridge, Brighton, and some other of the watering-places; and, like every other novelty, however ridiculous, spinsters and dowagers adopt it with equal avidity.

One day during the present harvest, Mr. Devereux, a gentleman farmer, in the neighbourhood of Beccles, undertook for a considerable wager to cut three acres of barley, from sun rise to sun set, which he performed in twenty minutes under the time, to the great astonishment of all present, Mr. D. not having for some years been accustomed to hard work.

The late Mr. Chalie, of Bedford-square, was well known about town for being almost constantly upon horseback, and always being upon a quick trot. This practice, connected with his profession, as a wine-merchant, procured him the title of The Flying Bacchus. He was an intelligent good-humoured man.

During the present month, as Lord and Lady Mountnorris were sauntering in their grounds, at Ealing Grove, a beautiful favourite spaniel went mad, foaming at the mouth, with her tongue hanging out. Her ladyship and five of her children escaped into the house, whither his lordship also ran for a case of loaded pistols, with which he instantly dispatched the poor animal, who had attacked one of the footmen.

This month came on to be executed before the deputy sheriff of Middlesex, a writ of inquiry of damages in the cause of "Wenman against Ancram," when it appeared in evidence that the defendant, Ancram, had, with the assistance of another defendant, Lumb, a constable of the parish of Islington, wantonly confined the plaintiff in the watch-house of Islington for six hours, on a charge of shooting at a crow's nest in a tree at the bottom of Ancram's garden at Canonbury-place, although the plaintiff was a gentleman of independent property, and duly qualified to carry a gun. The jury, after retiring for a short time, gave him L.100 damages, with costs of suit.

A

A WORTHY Clergyman in Yorkshire, lately deceased, bequeathed in his will, a considerable property to his only daughter on the subsequent conditions:—First, that she did not enter into the state of matrimony without the consent of his two executors, or their representatives. Secondly, that she *dressed with greater decency* than she had hitherto been accustomed to do. The testator's words are—

"But as my daughter Anne ——, hath not attended to my admonitions, respecting the filthy and lewd custom of dressing with *naked elbows*, my will is, that in case she persists in so gross a violation of female decency, the whole of the property devised by me as aforesaid, and intended as a provision for her future life, shall go to the eldest son of my sister Caroline ——, and his heirs lawfully begotten. To those who may say this restriction is severe, I answer, that an indecent display of personal habiliments in women, is a certain indication of intellectual depravity."

LATELY died, in Monmouthshire, a *Curate*, at such an advanced age, that he had christened, married, and buried *the parish three times over*.

POOR Lee Lewis, the actor, lately deceased, was reduced to such a melancholy and hopeless condition in health and fortune, that his death was the most dedesirable event that could happen to him. He was once a spirited and popular comedian, with little judgment, and hardly any education. He had the highest confidence in his own talents, and before he quitted Covent Garden Theatre, near twenty years ago, considered himself as the rightful heir to all the characters and all the reputation of Harry Woodward, an actor whose memory should not be disgraced by any comparison with him. This absurd confidence in his own abilities induced Lee Lewis to behave in a *cavalier* style to the manager, who dismissed him, and very easily supplied his place. Lee Lewis then obtained a situation at Drury-Lane Theatre, but made no impression on the public. Since that period he has been occasionally employed in Provincial Theatres, and at last sunk into great distress, from which he obtained a temporary relief by a benefit in London last season. His fate should be a warning to actors in general, not to place too much confidence in their own powers, and to depend too much on the duration of public favour, which is soon transferred when new competitors appear. To his quarrel with the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, arising from his foolish vanity, and a persuasion of the continuance of popular regard, this unhappy man might impute all his misfortunes, which finally brought him indigent and broken-hearted to the grave!

IN a cause tried at the last assizes for Hertfordshire, *Strutt, versus Bovingdon*, to ascertain the right of the plaintiff to a mill-stream near Rickmersworth, a witness was called to prove the evidence given on a former trial by old Macklin, the actor and author—Mr. Serjeant Best for the defendant, assenting thereto:

Mr. John Bayley was then put to the bar, who stated to his Lordship and the Jury, that he had heard Mr. Macklin give his evidence, and that it was of so whimsical an import that he could repeat it *verbatim*. Mr. Macklin, at the trial of 1786, spoke as follows:—"About fifty years ago I was in the habit of visiting my friend, Mr. Fleetwood, who was the proprietor of one of the Theatres, and had a house in the

the neighbourhood of Mr. Strutt's mills, consequently I had an opportunity of knowing the waters alluded to. At that time there was no such thing as watering the meadows by a diversion of the stream. My friend Fleetwood felt the loss, as he wished to get a reservoir into his garden; but the miller, Mr. Strutt, would not consent to his drawing off the water; I undertook to bring the miller about, and said to my friend, "You must invite the "miller to dinner, and we'll talk "the matter over."—My friend did so, and the miller was regaled most handsomely. Having previously been informed that the miller was fond of smoaking, when the cloth was removed, I proposed that we should adjourn to the smoaking room, and taste Mr. Fleetwood's excellent tap of Staffordshire ale; the miller agreed, and we adjourned accordingly. For a time *I smoaked the miller*; till at last the miller *smoaked me*, and flatly said, he would not consent to have his water diverted. Determined not to give up the pursuit, the miller was invited to a second dinner of *turtle*, which agreed with his taste so well, that notwithstanding he was before so *tenacious of his water*, he was brought to consent that my friend should divert a *little* of the stream to water his garden, the miller observing at the time, that Mr. Fleetwood must not forget that he, the miller, was the *river god* in those waters, and could withhold it whenever he thought proper."

It is needless to add, that the miller obtained a verdict, and established his right.

A BRACE of Bailiff's followers had the temerity last week to make a seizure in a house at King'swood, near Bristol; when they themselves were seized by a number of the sable tribe of colliers, who conveyed them to a neighbouring coal-pit, and let them down, where they were forced to remain till about two o'clock next morning, when they were had up, and each having a glass of gin and some gingerbread given them, were again committed to the dreary bowels of the earth, where they were confined twenty-four hours. On being released, they were made to pay a fine of 6s. 8d. each for their *lodgings*, and take an oath never to trouble or molest any of the *gentlemen of the pit* again.

WE copy the following from a provincial paper:—"A few days since was discovered, by the falling down of a piece of the cliff on Walton shore, near Harwich, the skeleton of an enormous animal, near thirty feet long, supposed to be the Mammoth. Some of the bones were nearly as large as a man's body, and six or seven feet long; the cavities which contained the marrow were large enough to admit the introduction of a man's arm; the bones, on being handled, broke to pieces. One of the grinders of this wonderful creature was carried to Colchester by Mr. William Jackson, who took it from the spot, and in whose possession it now is; it weighs seven pounds, is of a square form, and the grinding surface studded with several zig-zag rows of lamina, and seems evidently to have belonged to an animal of the carniverous kind. There were more teeth, which were unfortunately broken, one of which weighs twelve pounds."

A CURRIER residing in Matthew-street, Liverpool, being so much absorbed with the manual-exercise, which he is learning, that he could not help dreaming of it, rose from his bed the other night, took his gun, went through the different evolutions, marched and counter-marched down and up stairs, till a chair, unluckily in the way, occasioned a bruise on the leg,

leg, and his cries alarming his wife, she with difficulty helped him to bed again!

TWENTY-FOUR saddle and carriage horses are about to be sent from the famous stalls of Hanover, as a present to the First Consul. They will be conducted by Hanoverian grooms, who are to travel only three hours a day, and will be seven weeks on their journey to Paris.

A FARMER at Enfield, has experienced an astonishing increase this season from eight turkey fowls and one cock turkey, the affectionate and prolific mothers having reared eight several broods, to the number of *ninety-six*, which are no less the pride and boast of the parent fowls, than of the farmer himself, who never fails to invite his guests to a sight of this rare instance of fecundity in the feathered tribe.

A ROBBERY of an unusual kind was this month committed at Berwick-upon-Tweed. Early on Saturday morning, the shield belonging to the Carr Rock fishery, a little below the bridge, was broken into and plundered of all it contained. The fishery being at this time very productive, the number of salmon and gilses taken away, was uncommonly great.

As Mr. H. Hewetson, of Scalehill, Lowes-water, was lately angling with the minnow, in the river Cocker, near that place, two trouts took the bait, at the same time; both of which he killed. One of them measured thirteen inches in length, and eight inches in circumference. The other was twelve inches long, and six in circumference.

THE coachmasters, innkeepers, and stablekeepers of London, have come forward in the most patriotic manner, for the purpose of making voluntary offers of horses and carriages, free of expence, in case of invasion. Several have offered upwards of 100 horses, and forty carriages.

WE have great pleasure in stating, that J. Palmer, Esq. M. P. for the city of Bath, in addition to the elegant and valuable silver cup, which he has given as a prize to be shot for by the Bath Volunteers, has subscribed L.50 towards the fund now raising in that city for the relief of such as may suffer in the noble contest with our insolent foe, and the reward of such of our brave defenders, as may distinguish themselves by acts of signal and distinguished bravery, &c. and that Walter Long, Esq. has followed this spirited example, by a subscription of L.50 for the above laudable purposes; and also twenty guineas, to be divided into the following prizes, for the most expert marksmen in the corps of Bath Volunteers, viz.—10 guineas for the best shot, 5 guineas for the second best, 3 guineas for the third, and 2 guineas for the fourth best shot, to be determined on the third Monday in October next. The candidates for these several prizes are to use none but the regimental muskets, and to shoot at a mark 100 yards distant.

IN a chronological work published in America, one of the most remarkable events of the last year, is stated to be "*two attornies* going to law with each other, to the *great joy of their clients.*"

THE town of *Yarmouth*, and several other of the watering places, are absolutely deserted by the junior class of female visitants. There remain, however, a considerable number of elderly ladies, who seem firmly determined to wait the *assault*!

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EXTRACT
FROM
AN ODE TO SCANDAL.

By the Right Hon. George Tierney, M. P.

O THOU, whose all-consoling power
Can sooth our cares to rest,
Whose touch in spleen's most vap'rish-hour
Can calm each female breast;
Thee I invoke! great genius hear!
Pity a lady's sighs;
Without thy kind relief be near,
Poor Coquetina dies.

Haste thee, then, and with thee bring
Many a little venom'd sting;
Many a tale that no one knows,
Of shall-be nameless belles and beaux;
Just imported curtain lectures,
Winks and nods and shrewd conjectures;
Half a dozen strange suspicions
Built on stranger suppositions;
Unknown marriages some twenty,
Private child-bed linen—plenty;
And horns just fitted to some people's heads,
And certain powder'd coats—and certain tumbled beds.

Teach me, powerful genius, teach
Thine own mysterious art,
Safe from retaliation's reach,
To throw detraction's dart.
So shall my hand an altar raise,
Sacred to thy transcendent praise,
And daily with assiduous care
Some grateful sacrifice prepare,
The first informations
Of lost reputations
As offerings to thee I'll resign;
And the earliest news
Of surpris'd billet-doux
Shall constant be serv'd at thy shrine.

Intrigues by the score
Never heard of before,
Shall the sacrifice daily augment;
And by each Morning Post
Some favourite toast
A victim to thee shall be sent.

Heavns! methinks I see thy train
Softly tripping o'er the plain.
All the alphabet I view,
Stepping forward two by two.
Hush! for as they coupled walk,
Sure I hear the letters talk;
Though lowly — fearful — whisp'ring — half they smother,
The well-concerted tales they blab of one another.

" Lord, who'd have thought our cousin D.
" Could dream of marrying Mrs. E!
" True; I don't *like* such things to tell,
" But faith I pity Mr. L;
" And were I he, the bride to vex,
" I wou'd intrigue with Mrs. X.
" But they *do* say that Charlotte U,
" With Fanny M, and you know who,
" Occasion'd all—for you must know
" They set their caps at Mr. O;

"And as he courted Mrs. E,
"They thought if she'd have cousin D,
"That things might be by Colonel A
"Just brought about in their own way."

O how the pleasing style regales my ear;
But what *new* forms are those which now appear?
See yonder in the thickest throng
Designing *Envy* skulks along,
Big with malicious laughter;
Faction and Cunning swell her train,
While stretching far behind in vain,
Poor Truth comes—panting after.

Now, indeed I burn with sacred fires,
'Tis Scandal's self that every thought inspires;
I feel, all potent Genius, now I feel
Thy working magic thro' each artery steal.
At thy command, my fancy warms,
And sweetly paints the alter'd scene,
Thy touch now every grace deforms,
And blackens every mien.
Each moment to my prying eyes
Some fresh disfigur'd beauties rise;
Each minute I perceive some flaw,
That e'en ill-nature never saw.

"Hush!" some airy whisp'rer hints,
In accents wisely faint,
"Divine Cleora rather squints,
"Maria uses paint.
"That tho' some fops of Celia prate,
"Yet be not her's the praise;
"For if she *show'd* be passing strait,
"H——m! she may thank her *stays*.
"Each fool of Delia's figure talks,
"And celebrates her fame,
"But for my part whene'er she walks
"I vow I think she's lame.
"And see Ma'am Harriet toss her head,
"Lord, how the creature stares!
"Well—I thank God it can't be said
"I give myself those airs."

Such is the triumph Scandal claims!
Triumph deriv'd from ruin'd names!
Such as to gen'rous minds unknown,
An honest soul would blush to own;
Nor think, vain woman, while you sneer
At other's faults, that you are clear.
No;—turn your back—you undergo
The self-same malice you to others shew;
And soon by some malicious tale o'erthrown,
Like others fall, unpitied, and unknown.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

From Jonas Sowell, of Cardiff, South Wales, to his friend Mr. Arthur Lee, Sussex.

My dear Mr. Lee, I've to tell you brave news!
Your friend Jonas Sowell, translator of shoes,
Has chang'd, lucky hit, for good ale his small beer,
And I'm dub'd, wou'd you think it? I'm dub'd overseer.
With the best in the town I can now cut a dash,
And the parish shall find I can tickle its cash.
Of the overseer's secret I've got the long clue,
"You shall scrub me six months, and six months I'll scrub you,"—
My partner Tom Stitch is a taylor by trade,
Can sing, roar a catch, quite a frolicsome blade;
With his stories so droll sets the club in a roar,
And can ne'er sing a song, but its call'd for encore.
When the poor come to me and petition for shoes,
I make it a point their request to refuse.
Believe me, dear Lee, I'm not that kind of man,
Who to serve his own interest makes it his plan.
Your shoes, I reply, will last out the half year,
But in tatters most sure is the rest of your gear:
Then I send them to Stitch—and pray where's the great harm?
He only runs up a bill as long as my arm;
Then for shoes, the next six months, I run up another,
"I scrub'd you before—now scrub me my dear brother?"
Thus our secret to you, dearest Lee I impart;
And pray where's the profession, *sans* myst'ry or art?
The minister prime with *beaucoup de souplesse*,
With smile on his cheek, and most winning address,
Contrives still to tax you *a droit et a gauche*,
And to dip his long hand quite *au fond de votre poche*.

And

And now, my good Sir, I with truth will unfold
The troubles attending the office I hold.
From morning till evening my knocker's employ'd,
The knell of my sleep and of meals unenjoyed.
A fellow accosts me, with pitiful face,
Twirls his hat, and with hums, and with ha's tells his case:
The wheel of a carriage has crush'd his pig's weason
And to buy another he surely will tease—on.
Another displays the scald head of young master,
And humbly requests I'll procure him a plaister.
A lout next accosts me, and scratching his head,
Cries—"Zir, I'se come tell you my zister be dead."
"To die friend's a consequent matter on birth;
"Wipe the tear from your eye, and consign her to earth.
"But prithee! to me, why this tale fraught with woe?
"Neither sister nor you I've the honour to know."
"Why I'se only come tell ye she's dead as a herring,
"And so, an you please, to provide for the bur'ing."
"Good friend, I reply, what a horrible bore!
"Some wag set you wrong, you've mistaken the door;
"If your sole peradventure, is out of repair,
"Jonas Sowell can suit you, Sir, just to a hair;
"But to traffic in bodies, no part of my plan,
"Unless a good dog's skin to make Cordovan."—
"I'll direct you to one who your wants will supply—
"But first sip of my ale? they say sorrow is dry.
"I know by experience good ale brings relief,
"Hang sorrow 's a saying"—"but I say, drown grief."
The applicant then, with significant leer,
While munching my viands and quaffing my beer,
Cries, "I hopes no offence, but be'nt you overseer?"
"Why for once on the head you have hit the right nail—"
"Oho! I have so! then thereby hangs a tale.
"If as how I'se have hit the right nail on the head,
"Then you buries my zister, because she's gone dead.
"She belong'd to your parish—died not worth a tester,
"So now you be the jest zir, and I be the jester,
"I value no longer your gibes and your scoffing,
"Zaunds find me a shroud, zir! and find me a coffin!
"An you don't, to the justass of peace I'll complain!"
"Dear Lee, what's to be done? to contend were in vain—
"Softly, friend, I exclaim, and don't clamour so loud,
"I'll furnish the coffin, I'll furnish the shroud:
"I'll furnish—and trust me in this I'll ne'er faulter,
"When you come to be hang'd—why, I'll furnish the halter."

Cardiff, South Wales, July 21, 1803.

THE FISHERMAN OF LAPLAND.

"DOST see by that rock, with its summit of snow,
Which the frost-ribbed billows are mining below;
'Twas there that one night—to the tempests that came,
The ice-winds of Greenland were pow'rless and tame:

"Where the high-swollen Dwina redoubled the roar
Of the horrors that ravag'd on Archangel's shore,
'Twould have chill'd the best heart to have seen on the main,
The fishers' small skiffs as they neared in vain:

"When in cliffs of the rocks, as midnight came on,
The torches were plac'd for a beacon that shone,
When afar stream'd the red-light—and nought did it show,
But the foam-cover'd ocean that gulphed below.

"Mid

"Mid the boats which the ice-isles had driv'n on the coast,
'Twas there that old Peter of Lapland was lost;
For there it was seen, when the tempest came on,
And they saw but that rock—when its fury was done.

"And here hangs the tale!—if thy heart be not cold,
It will sigh as the fate of poor Peter is told;
Since his boat disappeared at yon perilous steep,
On the night of that storm on the terrible deep.—

"'Twas at ev'n, in the dusk!—scarce a sea-breeze would blow,
And the moans of the ocean were sullen and low,
That a traveller stopt as he journey'd that way
From Ildega's forests to Archangel's bay.

"All faint was this stranger,—the night it fell fast,
And the plain, from the mountain, stretch'd gloomy and vast:
Not a hut could he spy, for a shelter to crave,
Nor a sound broke the calm, but the sobs of the wave.

"One star, as it shone through the haze of the night,
Threw its line on the waters, so chilly and white;
In the wide path of sky, but that star, there was none;
Like the way-worn traveller, it journey'd alone.—

"It journey'd on high, until midnight or more,
When the full-flowing tide reach'd the rock on the shore,
'Twas then that the heart of that stranger gave way,
And long were the hours till the dawning of day.—

"On the top-cliff he stood—when, gazing around,
A shadow there fell on the snow-cover'd ground;
Like the motionless form of a man it was there,
But no form could he see between and the air.

"The night-noon was deep—yet, at distance descri'd,
Were the smoke-frosts, that rose from the rents of the tide.
The night-noon was deep,—but between and the sky,
No figure could be unperceiv'd by his eye:

"The star flitted on—till he saw it depart,
But that shadow was fix'd—as the blood at his heart;
Around it, and round, he had ventur'd to go,
But no form, that had life, through the stamp on the snow.

"Unmoving and still, as that terrible form,
He stood on the ice-ridges, cleft by the storm.
Thro' the night's lonely watches not once had he turn'd,
But the figure he saw not—when feeling return'd:—

"This stranger, I heard!—his eye had you seen,
When he spoke of the place where the shadow had been;
That form on the snow as he saw it impress,
And the death-like, dull slumber, that fell on his breast.

"His eye had you seen, when I told of the night,
When the far-streaming torches were wav'd from the height,
When the skiffs on the wild-heaving ocean were tost.
And the rock, where old Peter of Lapland was lost;—

"Dost see where the thin mists are rising between,
On that summit it was where the stranger had been;
Where the shadow appear'd on the colourless snow;
And poor Peter's cold bed—is the ocean below!"

Tales of Superstition.